

# TARGET

COMICS

10¢

TARGET



VOL. 8 Nº 1

MARCH



## The image is a dense collage of vintage comic book covers, primarily from the mid-20th century. The covers are arranged in a grid-like fashion, overlapping slightly. Titles visible include "Supermouse", "JETTA", "MYSTERY COMICS", "FANTASTIC TALES", "COSMO CAT", "STARTLING COMICS", "STRANGE MYSTERIES", "DARING ADVENTURES", "FAMOUS FUNNIES", "HILARIOUS RAUCOUS", "TEEN-AGE SWEETHEART OF THE 21st CENTURY", "DUCK", "EERIE", "EXCITING COMICS", "CASPER CAT", "BARNYARD COMICS", and "STRANGE WORLDS". The art style is characteristic of mid-century pulp magazines, with bold colors and dynamic illustrations. Overlaid on top of this collage is a large, dark purple speech bubble with a thick black outline. Inside the bubble, the text "WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM" is written in a large, white, stylized font with a slight drop shadow effect. The overall composition suggests a digital archive or a website dedicated to classic comic books.





# TARGET HITS AND MISSES

Editors' Page



## The Editors Write:

Hi, Gang:

Your comments are pouring in at a fast and furious rate. Our scoreboard, based on letters received during August, 1946, shows "The Cadet" leading in popularity; "Gary Stark" second; "The Target and the Targeteers" third, and "The Chameleon" and "Dan'l Flannel" tied for fourth.

One important question concerns the serial treatment of "Gary Stark." Many readers seem to like the suspense which is built up by leaving Gary and his friends in tight spots from month to month. Others, however, think that a complete story should be told in each issue. Letters expressing both these opinions can be found on the readers' side of this page. Note how we have replied to Donald Powell's letter. We'd appreciate more comments from you on that score.

You will also notice that we have included two letters which mention errors of omission and commission in our Q's and A's. We want you to know that we are always ready to acknowledge mistakes in any shape, form or manner. We try to back up every question and answer with considerable research, but once in a while something may slip by. We are grateful to you for your attention to these details.

Cordially yours,  
THE EDITORS

## The Readers Write:

Dear Editors:

I just finished the October issue of TARGET. In the answer to Question Number 17 you state that the Columbia River is in Washington. It is also in Oregon.

Yours truly,  
Fred Larson  
Astoria, Oregon

*You're right as rain, Fred. The answer should have been worded: "The Columbia River which originates in B.C., flows across Washington, then between Washington and Oregon."*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

Just a few lines to let you know how much I dislike "Gary Stark." Partly because it is a continued strip, partly because it doesn't seem like it could happen—it seems very silly to me!

The other features are okay, except that I think the author of the strip about Kili Carter puts too many bad sports in it. I don't think he would find so many bad sports in real life.

Yours truly,  
Donald Eugene Powell  
San Jose, Calif.

*How about the serial treatment of "Gary Stark," gang? Do you think a complete story should be told in each issue?*

Dear Editors:

I have just finished reading your September issue of TARGET COMICS and I thought it was very good. I know that other boys and girls think the same.

The story I enjoy the most is "Gary Stark." I have also read the Editors' column in which you asked: "Do you want Bull's-Eye Bill back?"

Well, yes. When he was in TARGET COMICS my brother and I used to enjoy reading him. I hope he comes back.

Gustave Stockinger, Jr.  
Middle Village, N. Y.

*If you want to see more of Bill, Gustave, you'll find him in this issue—and in many more to come.*

Dear Editors:

While playing football I was seriously injured in trying to get through the line of an opposing high-school team. My parents and I thought I would not live.

I had nothing to do but worry, until someone gave me a pack of comic books. I read them all, but I read TARGET over and over.

Believe it or not, I think TARGET cured me.

Raoul Shorr  
Allentown, Pa.

*We're happy to hear the TARGET was a good tonic, Raoul, and we hope you'll be in on the next kickoff.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I am a sport fan, so the story that I like best is "The Cadet." I'd like it very much if you would have more sport stories.

I'm waiting for the next issue of TARGET COMICS so I can see what happened in "Gary Stark." Boy, that's a top-notch story.

Very truly yours,  
Joseph Anzman  
New York, N. Y.

*We're thinking about introducing more sport stories, Joseph. And wait till you see Gary out on his own—he's really going to meet up with adventure.*

\* \* \*

Dear, Sirs:

In the September issue of TARGET COMICS you said that Wyoming has the smallest population in the United States.

My father and I looked it up in a 1946 almanac. Nevada is the 49th in population, since they counted the District of Columbia.

Sincerely,  
Nancy Fryberger  
Sheridan, Wyo.

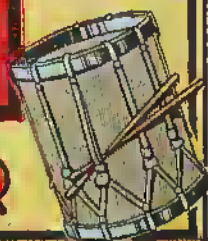
*A slip in the Q and A department, Nancy. Nevada, according to the 1940 census, has the smallest population. The population of Wyoming in 1940 was 250,742; that of Nevada, 110,247.*

\* \* \*

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO TARGET, 119 WEST 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.  
\$1.00 will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

# THE CADET

Featuring **KIT CARTER**



**A**LTHOUGH DAN MERRY TRAINS AROUSOUSLY TO BE A SWIMMING HERO, HEROES AREN'T MADE TO ORDER, AND IT'S KIT CARTER WHO CHURNS THROUGH ICY WATERS IN A VALIANT RESCUE... WHILE OAN WATCHES!

A WINTER AFTERNOON AT THE TOWN Y.M.C.A., AND DAN MERRY IS WINDING UP A MONTH OF TRAINING FOR THE MEET WITH HECTOR PREP

I'M IN THE PINK FOR TOMORROW'S MEET. IF HARD WORK MEANS ANYTHING, MR. BIXBY WILL BE GIVING HIS REWARD TO DAN MERRY!

AND DON'T FORGET, DAUNTON NEEDS A NEW POOL LIKE THIS ONE! THE BIXBY REWARD IS MORE THAN JUST A CLIP!

Nina  
Albright

Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager; Jane Spaulding Nye, Managing Editor  
Mel Cummin, Art Director; Helen Doig Schmid, Associate Editor; Alfred V. Fago, Art Consultant  
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personages.

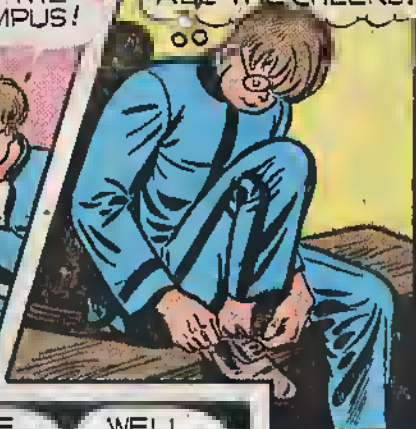
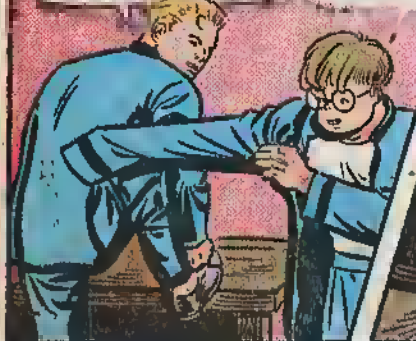


THE BIXBY CUP GOES TO THE BEST SWIMMER AND A NEW POOL GOES TO THE SCHOOL HE REPRESENTS!

GOLLY! WHEN I WIN, I'LL BE A BIG SHOT ON THE CAMPUS!

AT LAST I'LL BE THE HERO! FOR ONCE, KIT WILL WATCH ME GET ALL THE CHEERS!

I SURE HOPE OAN COMES THROUGH! HE'S WORKED SO HARD...AND DAUNTON NEEDS A POOL BAOLY!



HI, CAOETS! COME ALL THIS WAY FOR A BEATING!

WE'RE COUNTING ON DUCKY WEAVER!

WELL, COUNT HIM OUT, CHUMS!



HELP YOURSELF!

GEE! WHAT A SPREAD!

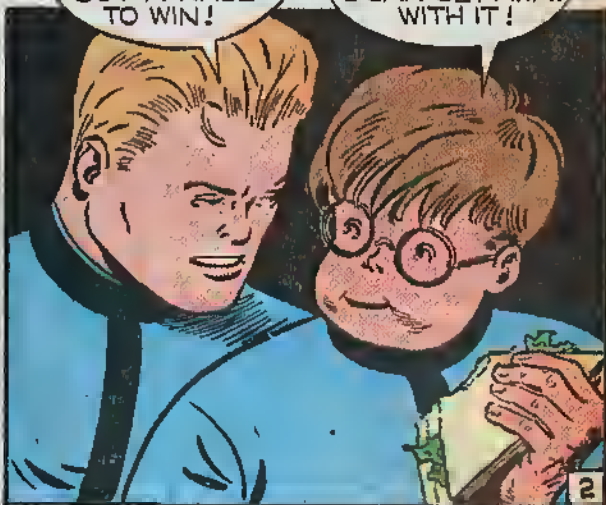
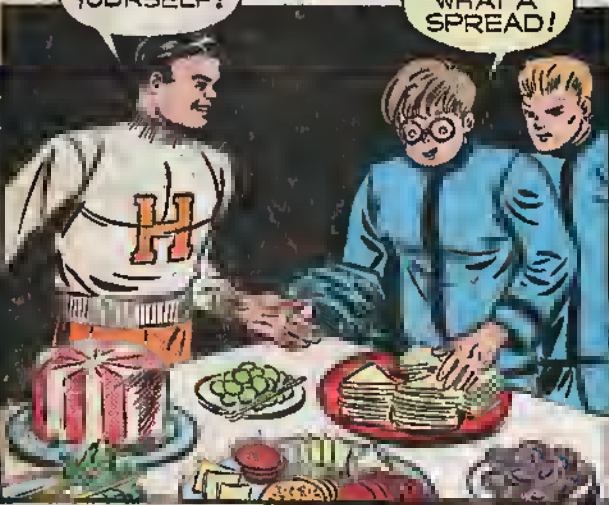
COME IN, GUYS! HAVE SOME REFRESHMENTS BEFORE THE SLAUGHTER!

FOOD? OH, BOY!

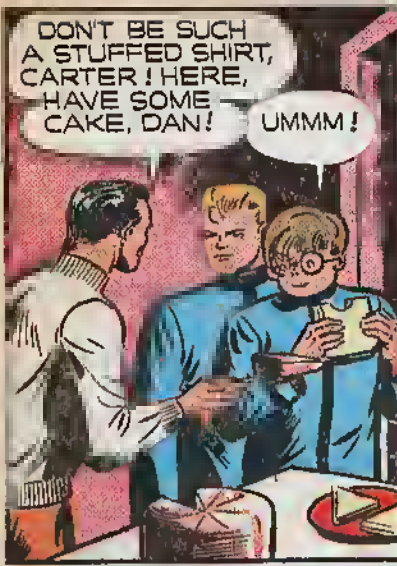


EASY ON THE CALORIES, OAN! YOU'VE GOT A RACE TO WIN!

SHUCKS! I'M IN SUCH GOOD CONDICTION I CAN GET AWAY WITH IT!

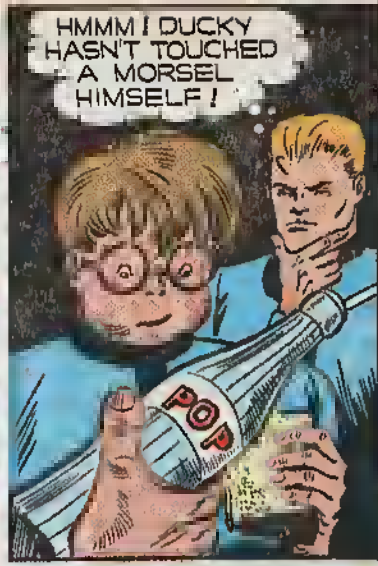






DON'T BE SUCH A STUFFED SHIRT, CARTER! HERE, HAVE SOME CAKE, DAN!

UMMM!



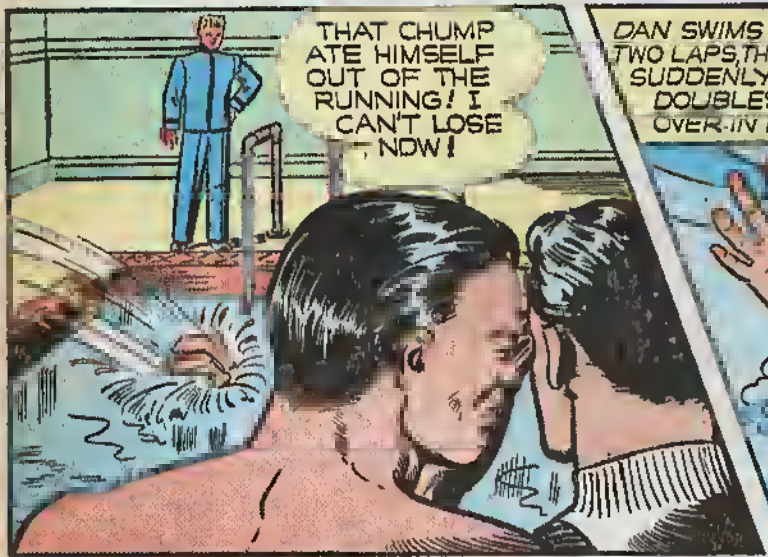
HMMM! DUCKY HASN'T TOUCHED A MORSEL HIMSELF!



SOON...

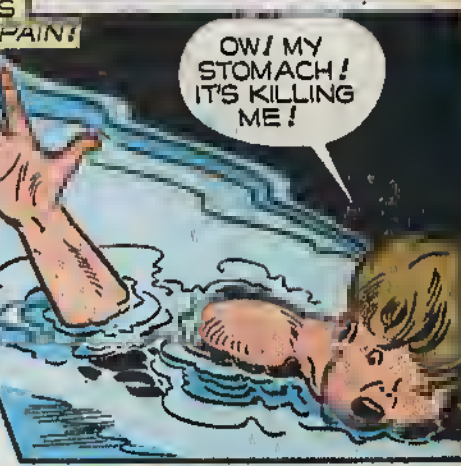
BETTER SWIM A FEW WARM-UP LAPS BEFORE THE RACE, DAN!

GOSH! I FEEL KINDA LOGY!

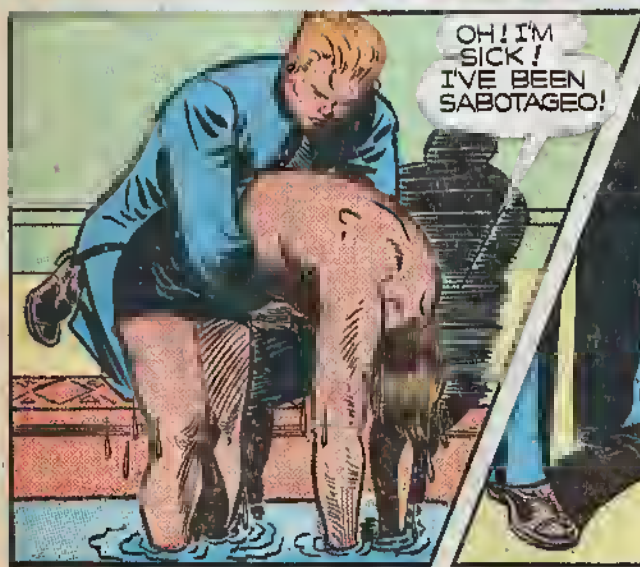


THAT CHUMP ATE HIMSELF OUT OF THE RUNNING! I CAN'T LOSE NOW!

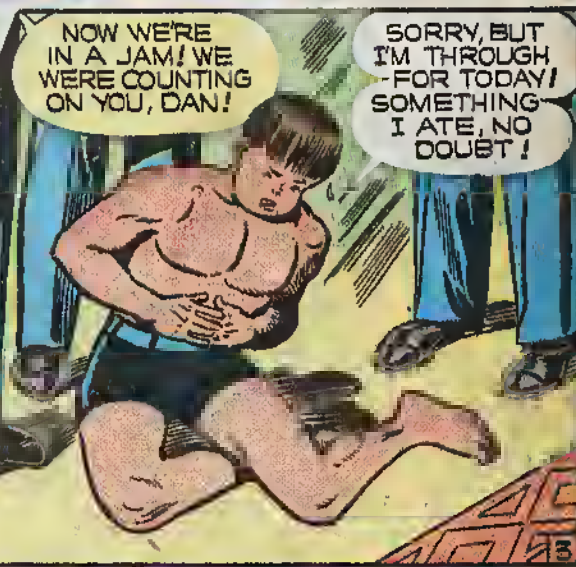
DAN SWIMS TWO LAPS, THEN SUDDENLY DOUBLES OVER IN PAIN!



OW! MY STOMACH! IT'S KILLING ME!



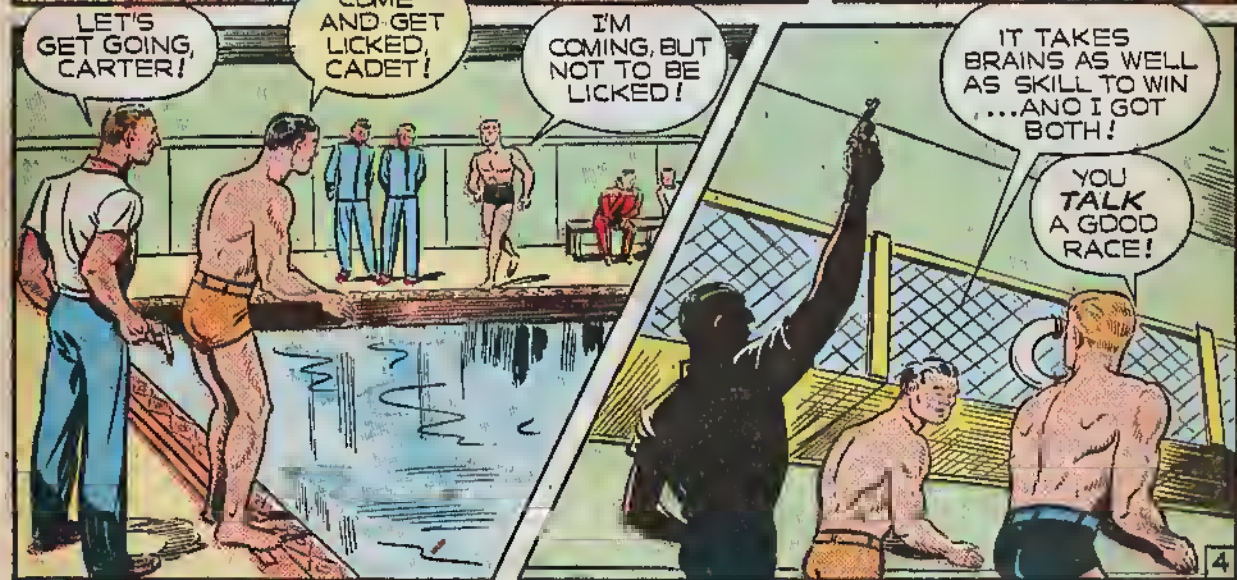
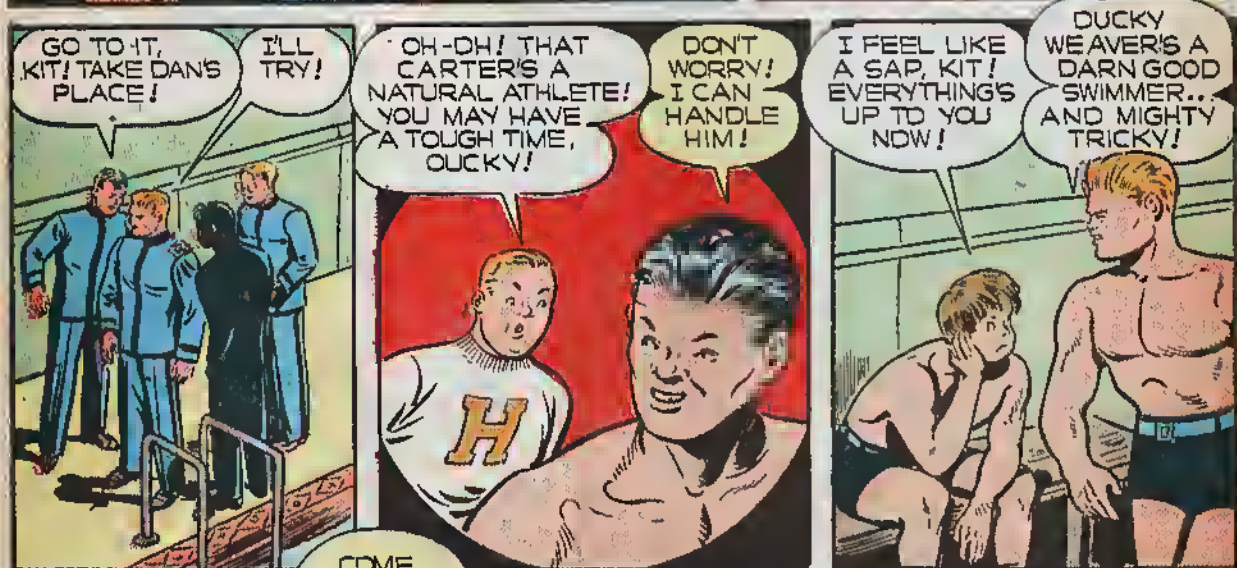
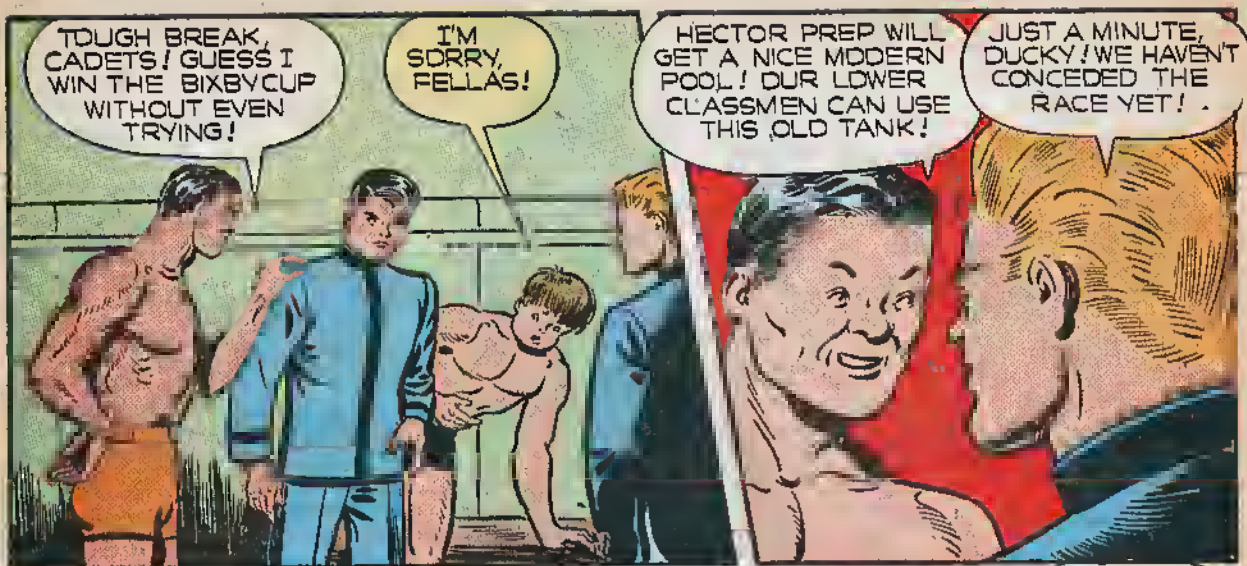
OH! I'M SICK! I'VE BEEN SABOTAGED!



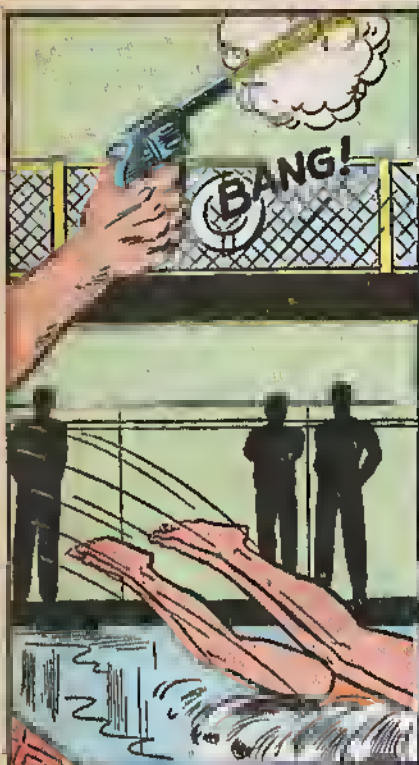
NOW WE'RE IN A JAM! WE WERE COUNTING ON YOU, DAN!

SORRY, BUT I'M THROUGH - FOR TODAY! SOMETHING I ATE, NO DOUBT!





QUESTION No. 2. Hector, Trojan hero, was slain by whom?



KIT AND DUCKY WEAVER  
CHURN UP AND DOWN  
THE POOL, NECK AND NECK

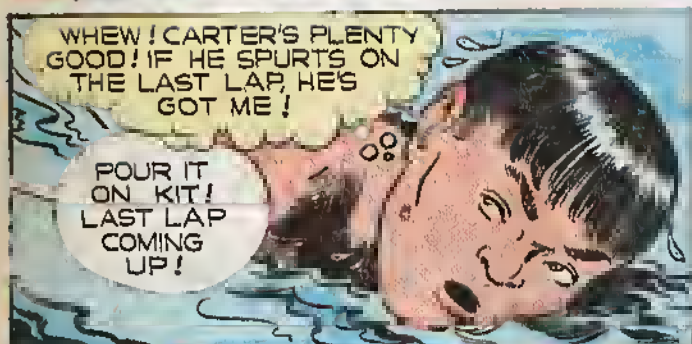
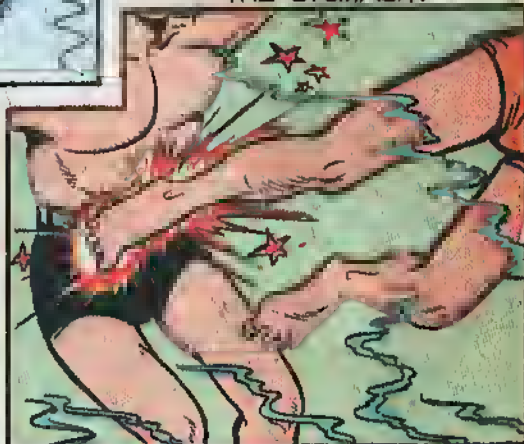


CMON,  
KIT!

KIT'S HOLDING  
HIS STRENGTH IN  
RESERVE! ON THE  
LAST LAP HE'LL  
REALLY TURN ON  
THE HEAT!



AT THE TURN, DUCKY LASHES  
OUT UNDER WATER, AND  
KICKS KIT IN THE PIT OF  
THE STOMACH!



WHEW! CARTER'S PLENTY  
GOOD! IF HE SPURTS ON  
THE LAST LAP, HE'S  
GOT ME!

POUR IT  
ON KIT!  
LAST LAP  
COMING  
UP!

STAGGERED BY THE UNSEEN FOUL  
BLOW, KIT FALLS FAR BEHIND!



RAY! LOOKIT  
WEAVER PULL  
AWAY!

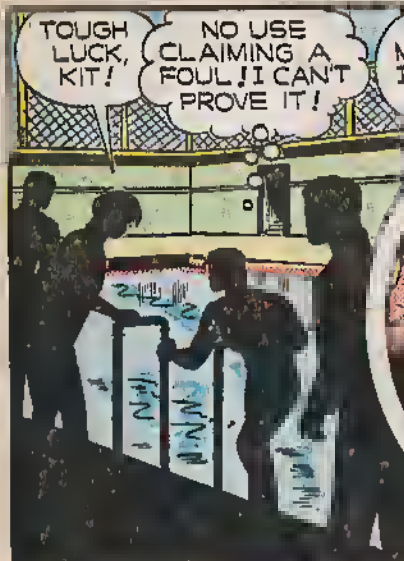
WOW!  
WHAT A  
BEATING!



DUCKY  
WEAVER WINS  
FOR HECTOR  
PREP!





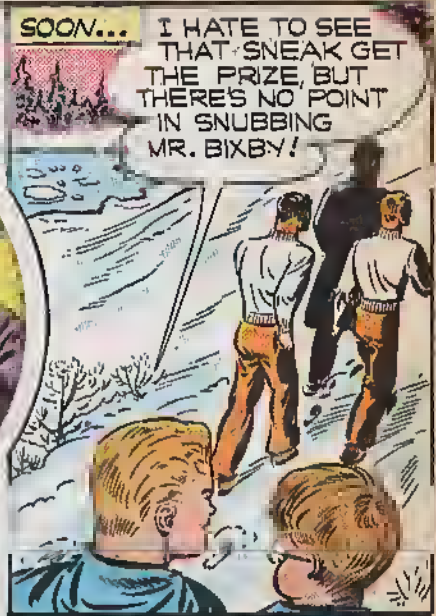
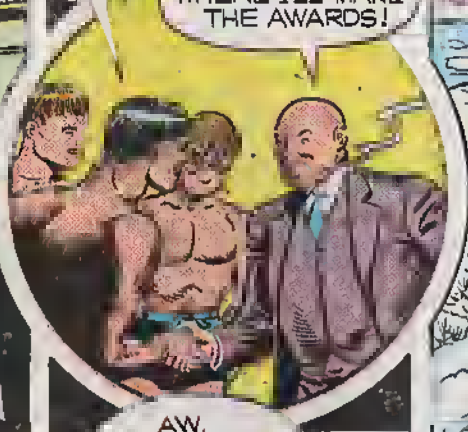


TOUGH LUCK, KIT!

NO USE CLAIMING A FOUL! I CAN'T PROVE IT!

HI, MR. BIXBY! I'M YOUR MAN!

NICE RACE, BOYS! YOU'RE ALL INVITED TO - MY HOUSE, WHERE I'LL MAKE THE AWARDS!



SOON...

I HATE TO SEE THAT SNEAK GET THE PRIZE, BUT THERE'S NO POINT IN SNUBBING MR. BIXBY!



DADDY, GIVE ME A PUSH!

NOW, KENNETH, I DON'T LIKE YOUR SLEDDING NEAR THE RIVER!

AW, GIVE THE KID A THRILL, MR. BIXBY!

WHEEEE!

WHEN I SHOVE, I REALLY SHOVE!

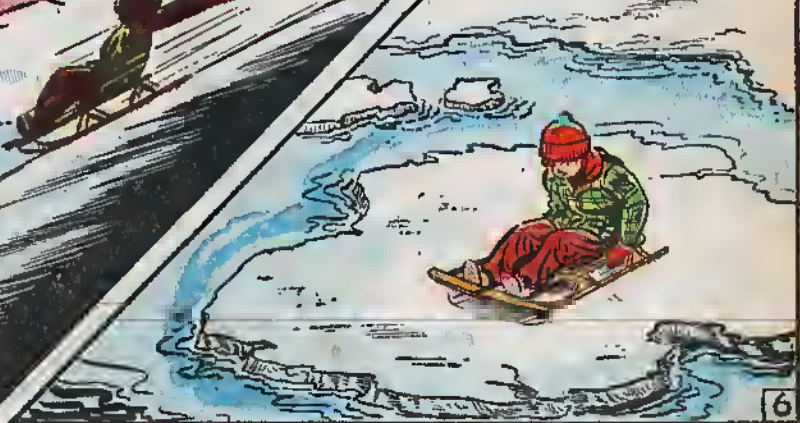
STOP! YOU FOOL!



I CAN'T STOP!

HE'LL BE DROWNED!

THE SLED LODGES ON AN ICE CAKE...WHICH BREAKS LOOSE AND FLOATS DOWN THE RIVER!





THE BOY'S SAFE  
UNTIL THE FLOE  
BREAKS UP..  
..BUT THAT WON'T  
BE LONG!

YOU CAN'T  
SWIM IN THAT!  
THE WATER'S  
TOO COLD!

GO ON,  
DUCKY! YOU'RE  
THE BEST  
SWIMMER!  
HELP THEM!

YEAH!  
DON'T LET  
CAUNTON  
SHOW US  
UP!

PLEASE!  
SAVE MY  
BOY!

BUT-I-AM  
USED TO HEATED  
WATER! I'M WORN  
OUT FROM THE  
RACE!

GO  
ON!

DUCKY RELUCTANTLY STRIKES OUT BUT  
THE SWIFT, ICY CURRENT TERRIFIES HIM!

HELP! MY  
ARMS ARE GOING  
NUMB! I CAN'T  
SWIM!

HOLY COW!  
BUCK UP,  
DUCKY!

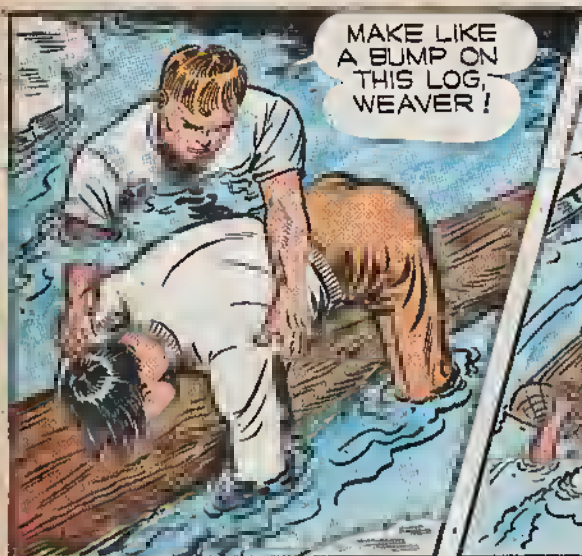
BRRR! IT'S  
COLO! HELP  
ME, CARTER!  
HELP ME!

TAKE IT  
EASY! YOU'LL  
CROWN US  
BOTH!

THIS IS NOT  
ONLY NECESSARY,  
BUT A GREAT  
PLEASURE!

CRACK!

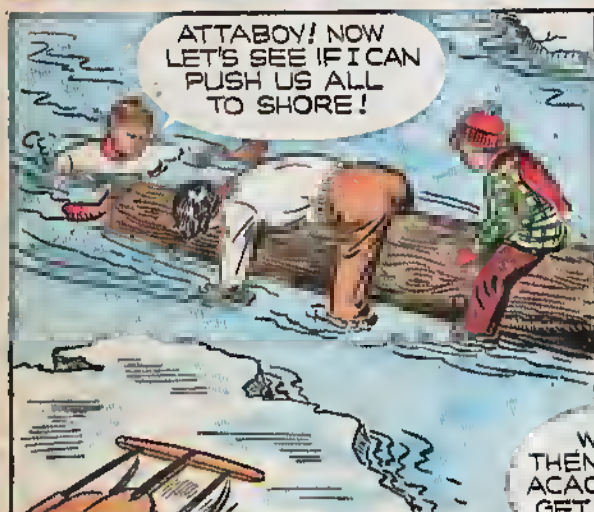




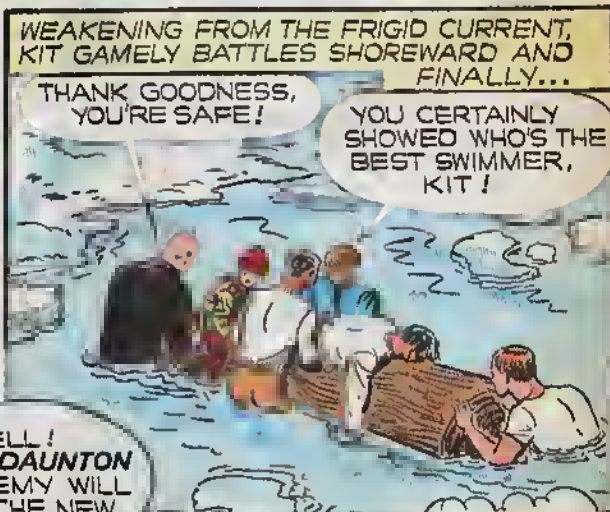
MAKE LIKE  
A BUMP ON  
THIS LOG,  
WEAVER!



DON'T WORRY,  
SON! I'LL HAVE  
YOU OFF IN A  
JIFFY!



ATTABOY! NOW  
LET'S SEE IF I CAN  
PUSH US ALL  
TO SHORE!



WEAKENING FROM THE FRIGID CURRENT,  
KIT GAMELY BATTLES SHOREWARD AND  
FINALLY...

THANK GOODNESS,  
YOU'RE SAFE!

YOU CERTAINLY  
SHOWED WHO'S THE  
BEST SWIMMER,  
KIT!

WELL!  
THEN **DAUNTON**  
ACADEMY WILL  
GET THE NEW  
POOL!

SOON...

YOU SAVED MY  
LIFE, CARTER! I  
GOTTA TELL THE  
TRUTH ABOUT  
THE RACE!

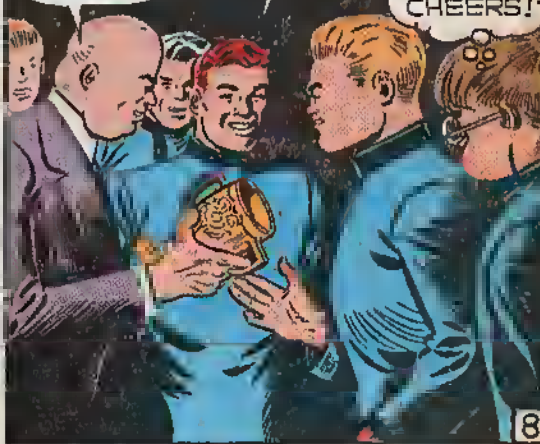
I BLOATED  
DAN MERRY,  
AND THEN FOULED  
CARTER WHEN  
HE WAS ABOUT  
TO WIN! I-I'M  
SORRY!

WHAT'S  
THIS?

AND YOU  
CERTAINLY  
EARNED THE  
BIXBY  
CUP!

HURRAY  
FOR  
CARTER!

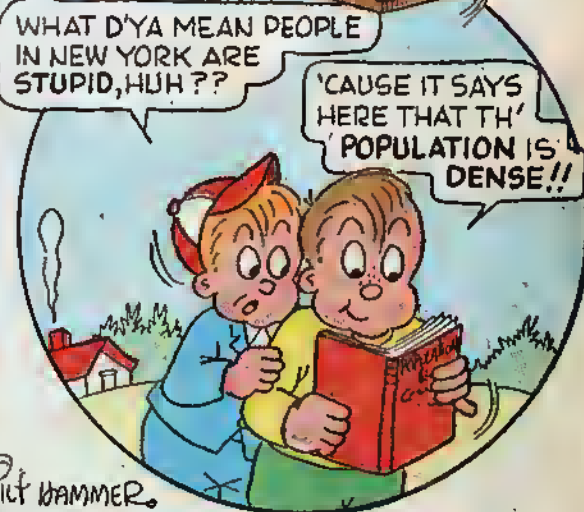
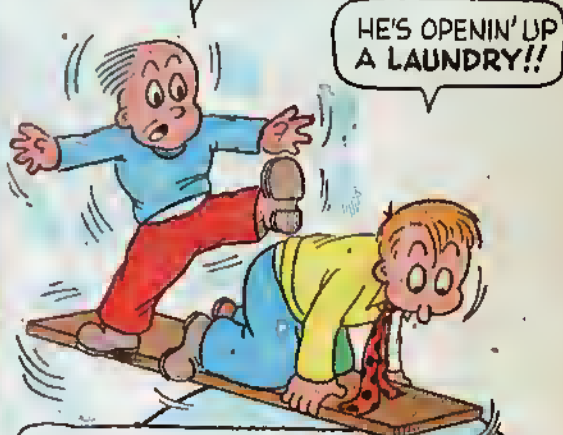
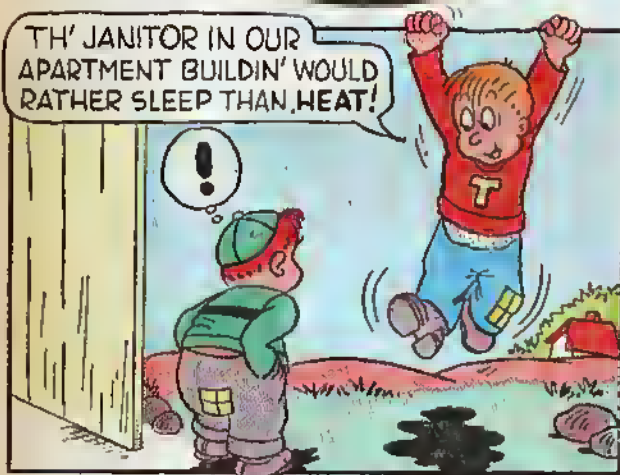
DOGGONE!  
IF I  
WEREN'T SUCH  
A GLUTTON  
I'D BE  
GETTING  
THOSE  
CHEERS!





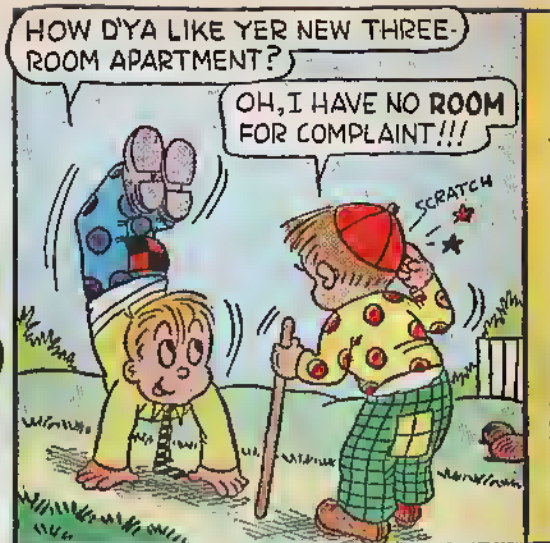


WOT D'YA MEAN YER POP EXPECTS A LOT OF DIRTY WORK WHEN HE STARTS HIS NEW BUSINESS???



© MILT HAMMER







# GARY STARK

by  
**DON RICO**

**A**FTER TWENTY YEARS, THE MYSTERIOUS MR. X HAS FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH EDWARD CONDON !

WHILE BOB AND GARY GUARD THE HOUSE, X AND HIS AIDE, THE WEASEL, ENTER THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR, ANNOUNCING THEMSELVES AS OFFICIALS OF PANAMA'S SCHOOL.



MR. CONDON?

AH... MR. VAN FABER  
WELCOME!  
YOU CAN GO NOW, NAILS!

YES, SIR!

HOW'S EVERYTHING GOING, NAILS?

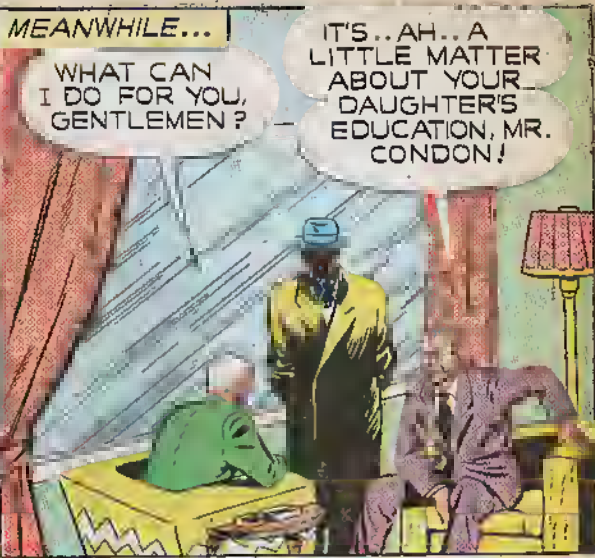
ALL QUIET, ME BUCKO! CONDON IS ENTERTAINING A MR. VAN FABER!







YOU BET, BOB!



IT'S...AH..A LITTLE MATTER ABOUT YOUR DAUGHTER'S EDUCATION, MR. CONDON!



AS X TALKS ON, CONDON HAS A STRANGE MENTAL REACTION!



HIS MIND IMAGINES A DARK BEARD ON HIS VISITOR'S FACE..



THEN A SKULL CAP AND ROUGH CLOTHES COMPLETE THE PICTURE!

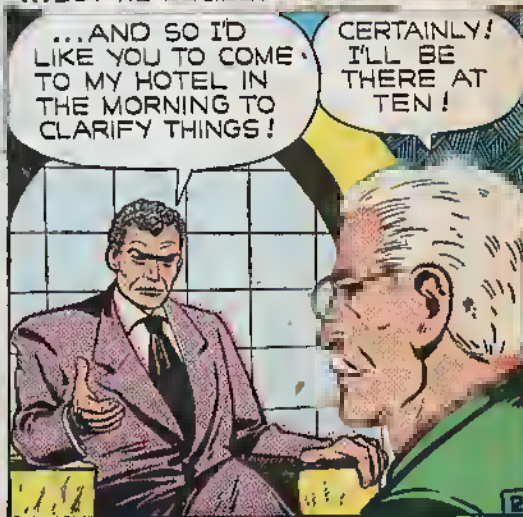


... AND THE TRUTH FLASHES ON HIM!

GOOO LORO! THIS ISN'T VAN FABER! IT'S **BLACKIE**...THE MAN WHO'S SWORN TO KILL ME!



...BUT HE DECIDES TO PLAY IT SAFE..



CERTAINLY! I'LL BE THERE AT TEN!



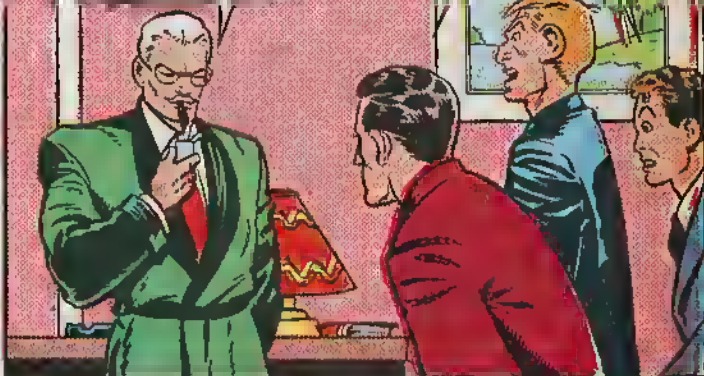
AFTER THE VISITORS LEAVE.

BOB, GARY,  
NAILS...COME  
IN HERE,  
PLEASE!



I'VE A SURPRISE  
FOR YOU, BOYS! ONE  
OF THE MEN WHO  
JUST LEFT WAS  
MY OLD ENEMY  
...BLACKIE!

WHAT?



...AND YOU  
LET HIM GET  
AWAY?

GOSH!  
WHY DIDN'T  
YOU LET US  
KNOW?

BEGORRAH,  
SIR!...WHAT'S  
THE IDEA?

I KNOW IT SOUNDS RIDICULOUS,  
BUT WE'VE GOT TO SEE WHAT  
HIS GAME IS! I'M GOING UP TO  
HIS HOTEL AT TEN TOMORROW!  
DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEAS?

YOU BET  
I HAVE!



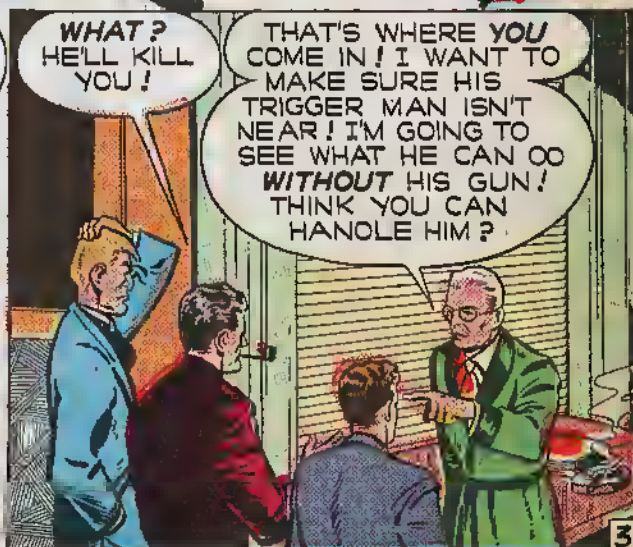
WE'RE GOING  
UP THERE...  
WITH THE  
POLICE!

NO GOOD, BOB!  
I'M GOING TO FACE  
HIM AND HAVE IT  
OUT WITH HIM  
MYSELF!



WHAT?  
HE'LL KILL  
YOU!

THAT'S WHERE YOU  
COME IN! I WANT TO  
MAKE SURE HIS  
TRIGGER MAN ISN'T  
NEAR! I'M GOING TO  
SEE WHAT HE CAN DO  
**WITHOUT HIS GUN!**  
THINK YOU CAN  
HANDLE HIM?





MEANWHILE...

CHEE! YOU SURE GOT NOIVE, BOSS! BUSTIN' RIGHT INTA HIS HOUSE LIKE DAT! WHAT IF HE'DA RECOGNIZED YA?

NOT A CHANCE! I WAS A GRIMY SOURDOUGH WHEN HE KNEW ME! IM CLEANED UP SOME, NOW!

WELL..TA!TA! I GOTTA LEAVE YA FOR A LITTLE BIT!

WHAT? WHERE THE BLAZES DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?

WELL...YA SEE... IT'S LIKE DIS...IT'S ME GOIL, POIL! I AIN'T SEEN HER FER DAYS!

WHY.. YOU..

HERE'S THE BIGGEST MOMENT OF MY LIFE COMING UP...AND YOU'VE GOT TO GO SEE SOME STUPID DAME! **FORGET IT!**

B-BUT- B-B-BOSS!

I SAID **FORGET IT!**

CHEE! POIL AIN'T GONNA LIKE DIS! SHEE GONNA BE AWFUL MAD!

THE NEXT MORNING...

WHERE IS THAT PUNK WEASEL!

EVER SINCE HE GOT THAT NEW JOB, HE'S GOT NO TIME FOR ME! GETTIN' HIGH CLASS, EH?

I'LL FIX HIM! I'LL GO RIGHT UP TO HIS HOTEL AND TELL THAT GEEZER A THING OR TWO!



AT THAT SAME MOMENT,  
AT THE HOTEL...

YOU WAIT OUT HERE  
IN THE HALL WITH GARY,  
MR. CONOON! NAILS  
AND I WILL MAKE  
SURE YOU GET THE  
PROPER RECEPTION  
FROM YOUR  
FRIENDS!

AS  
YOU SAY,  
BOB!

YEAH?  
WHADDAYA  
WANT?

MAY WE  
COME IN,  
PLEASE?

HEY! YOU'RE  
OE GUYS FROM  
CONOON'S  
JOINT!

THAT'S RIGHT,  
BRIGHT BOY!  
ONE SIDE!



WHAT'S  
OE IDEA,  
MUSCLIN'  
IN..?

TUT-TUT! IT'S  
NOT POLITE TO  
POINT GUNS AT  
PEOPLE, IS  
IT, NAILS?



INDEED  
NOT!

YOU'RE NOT  
A VERY POLITE  
HOST!

**OOP!**

HEY! WHAT  
THE BLAZES  
IS GOING ON  
HERE?

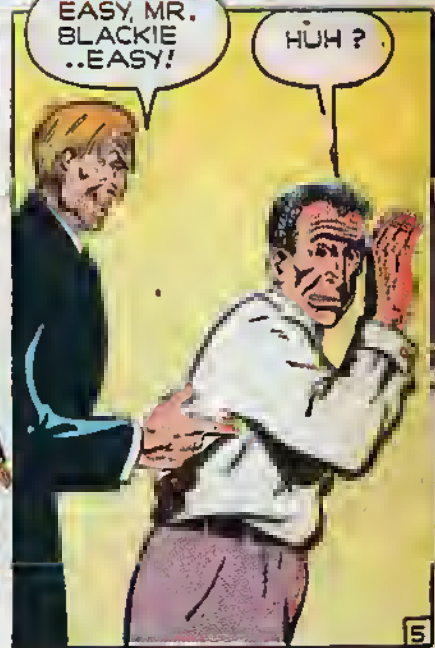


AHA!  
THE PAPA  
BEAR!

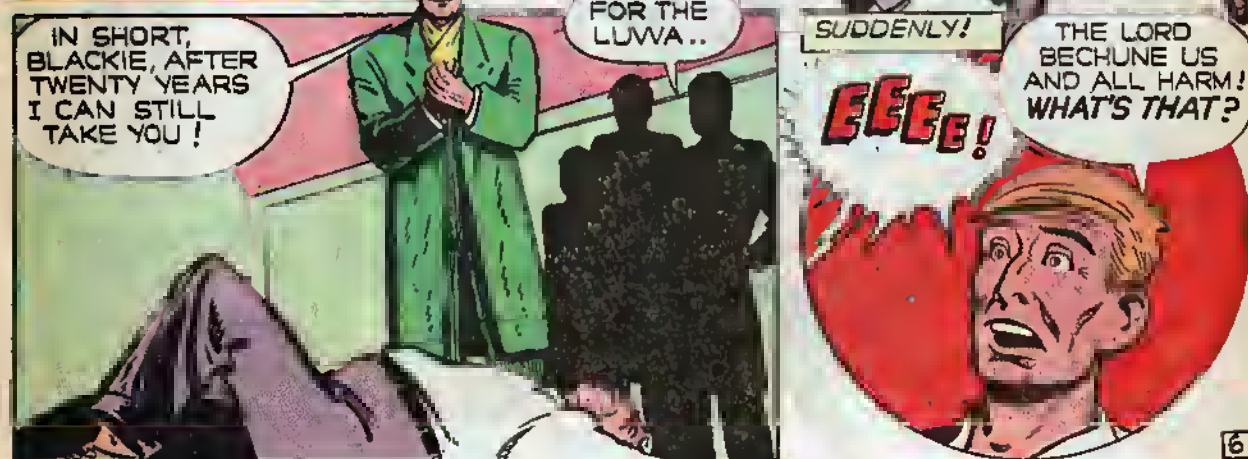
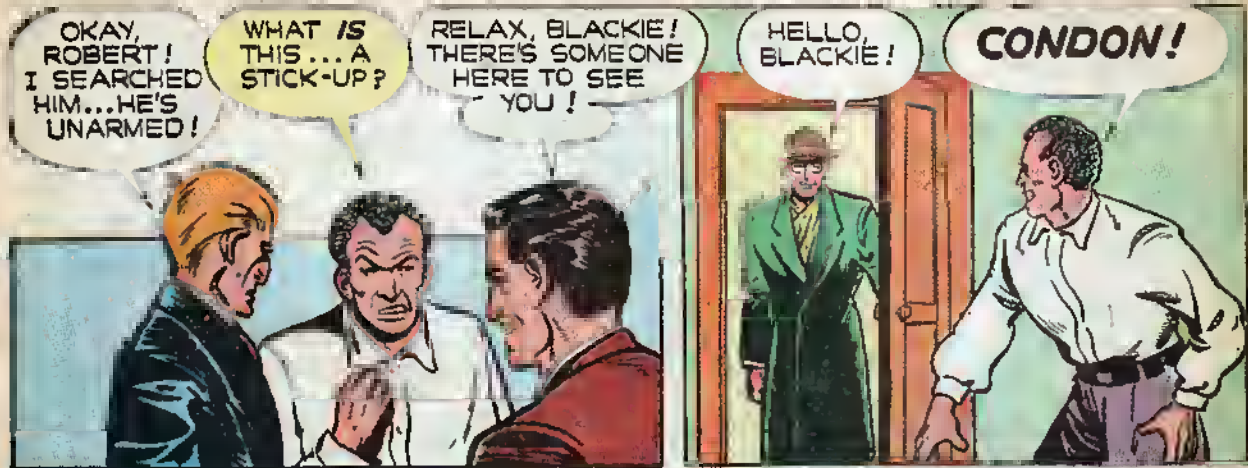


EASY, MR.  
BLACKIE  
..EASY!

HUH?

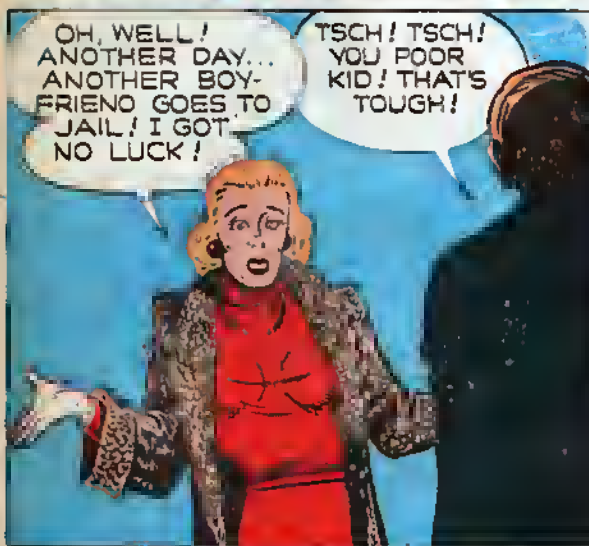
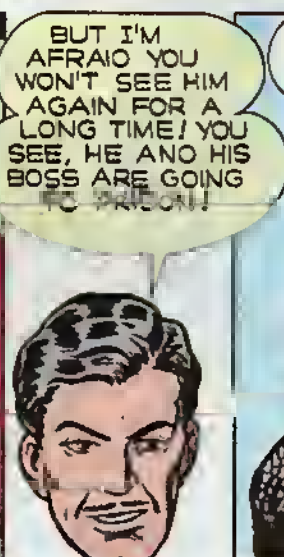
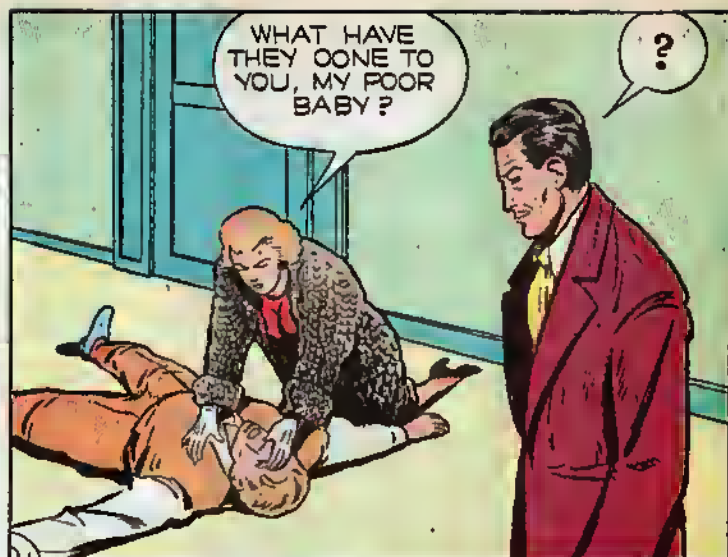






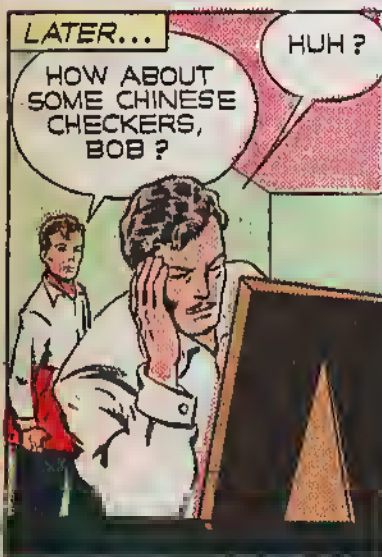
**QUESTION** No. 6. What visible precaution might Mr. Condon have taken before the fight?







AFTER THE POLICE HAVE TAKEN BLACKIE AND WEASEL INTO CUSTODY, GARY, NAILS, BOB AND CONDON GO BACK HOME, AND...



Dear Bob and Nails -  
I think it's time for me to  
shove off. You've both found  
your places on land and I  
don't think there's room  
for me... I still want the  
sea. We'll meet again some  
day. Until then, thanks  
for all the swell times  
I've had together, and  
the best of luck to both  
of you.

Always,  
Gary

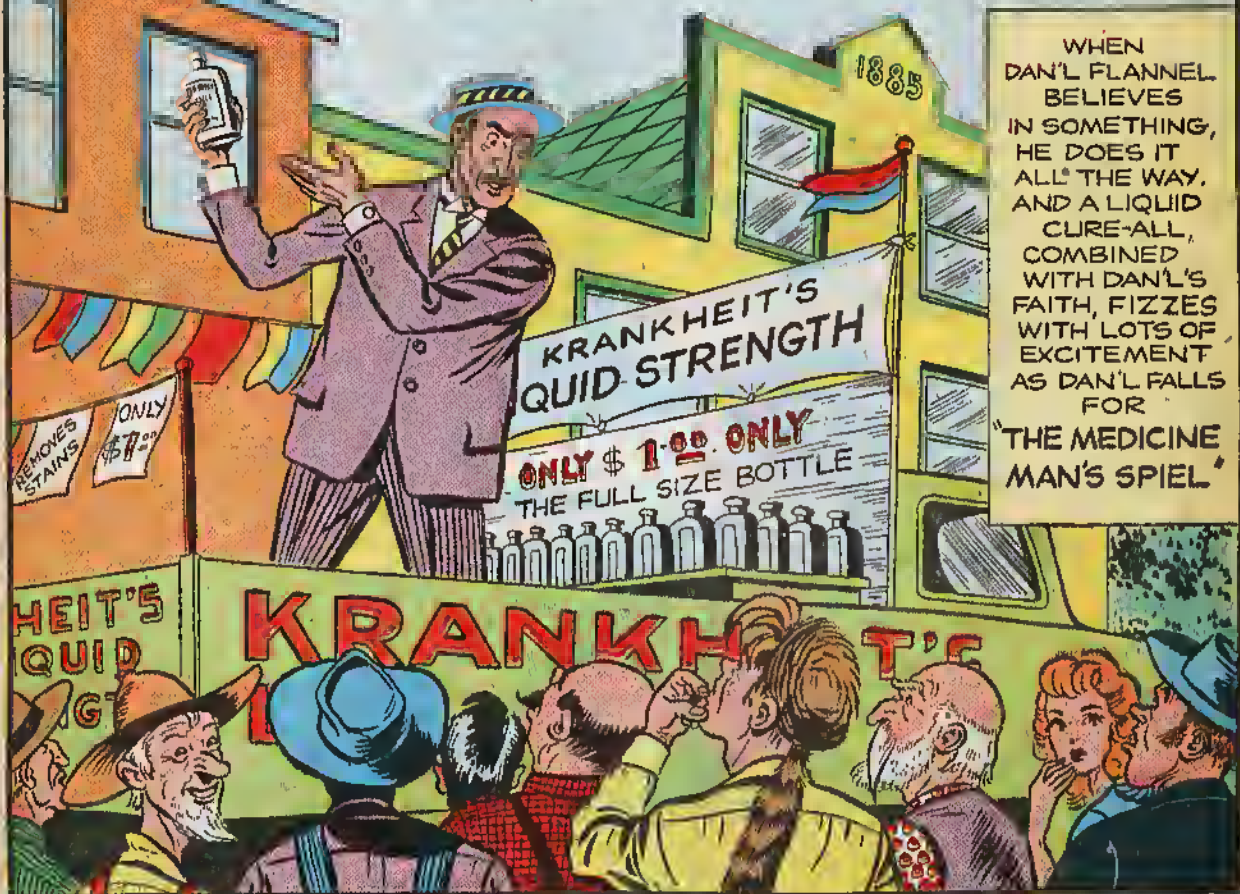
P.S. - Please give my  
love to Panama. G



AND SO GARY GOES OFF INTO THE NIGHT TO FACE NEW ADVENTURE.

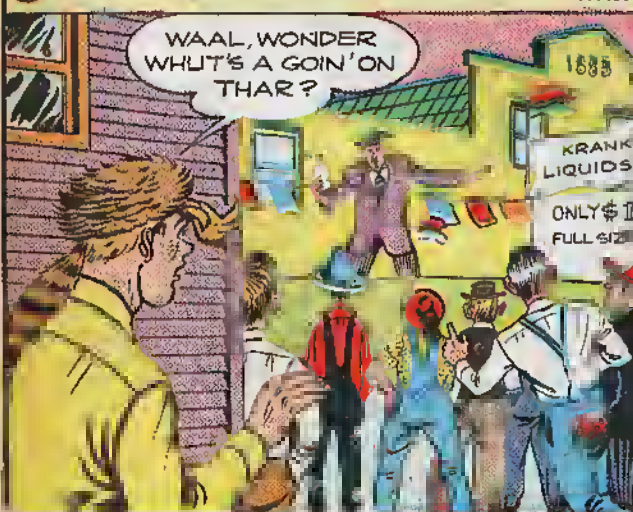


# DAN'L FLANNEL



WHEN DAN'L FLANNEL BELIEVES IN SOMETHING, HE DOES IT ALL THE WAY. AND A LIQUID CURE-ALL, COMBINED WITH DAN'L'S FAITH, FIZZES WITH LOTS OF EXCITEMENT AS DAN'L FALLS FOR 'THE MEDICINE MAN'S SPIEL'

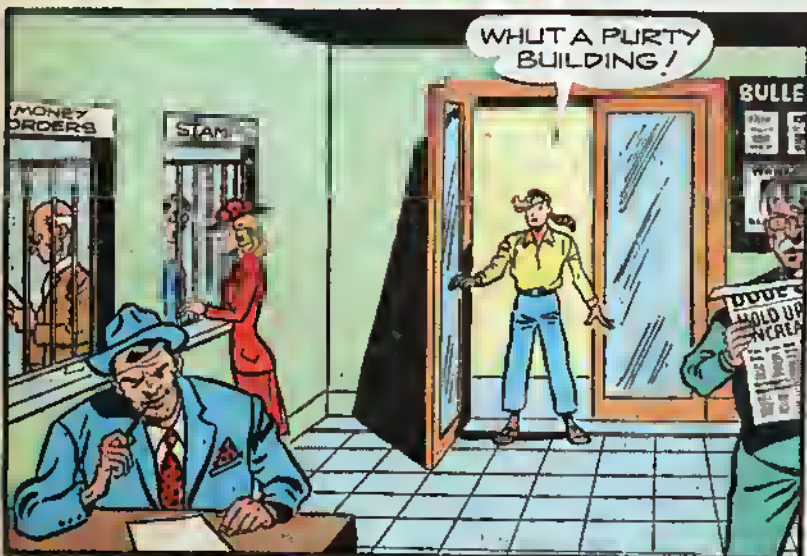
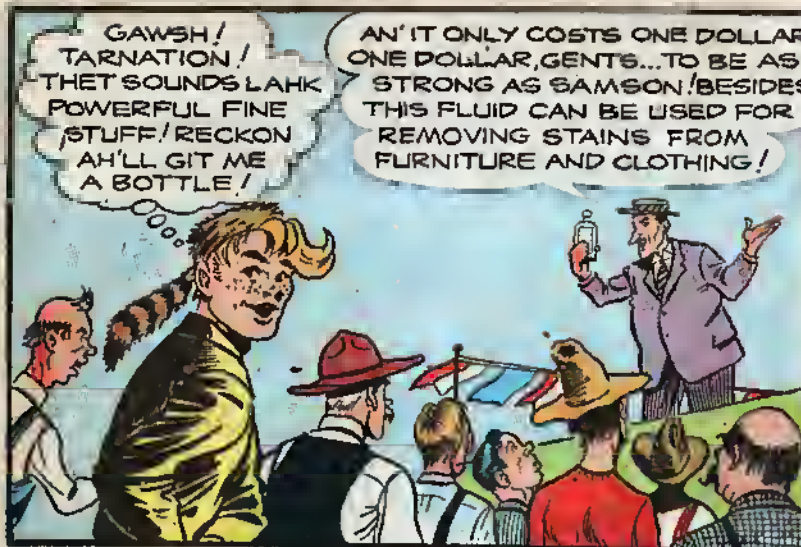
ONE DAY WHEN DAN'L WAS IN DUDE CITY.....



THE SECRET OF SAMSON'S STRENGTH IS IN THIS BOTTLE! DRINK IT, AND YOU WILL HAVE THE COURAGE OF A LION! THE STRENGTH OF TEN MEN! YOU WILL BE UNCONQUERABLE

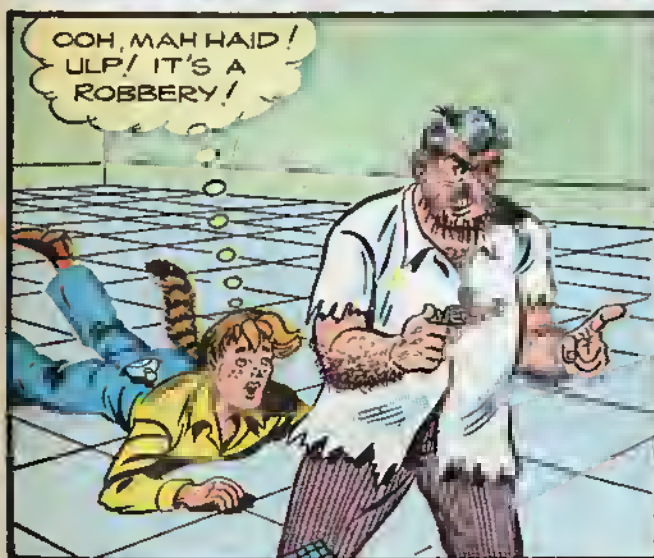




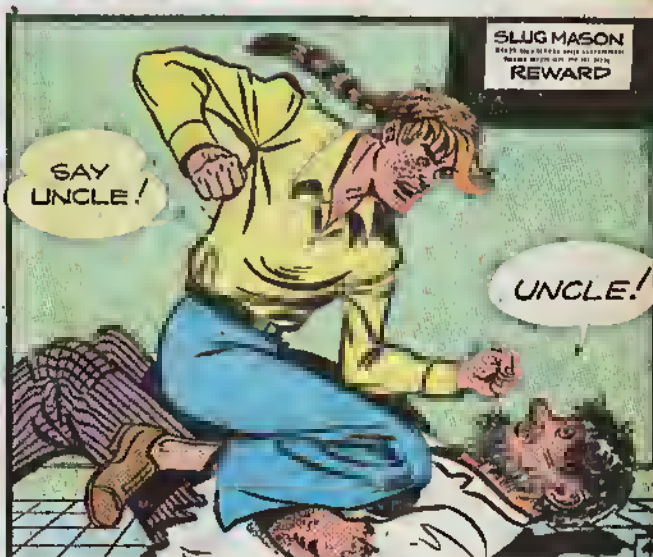
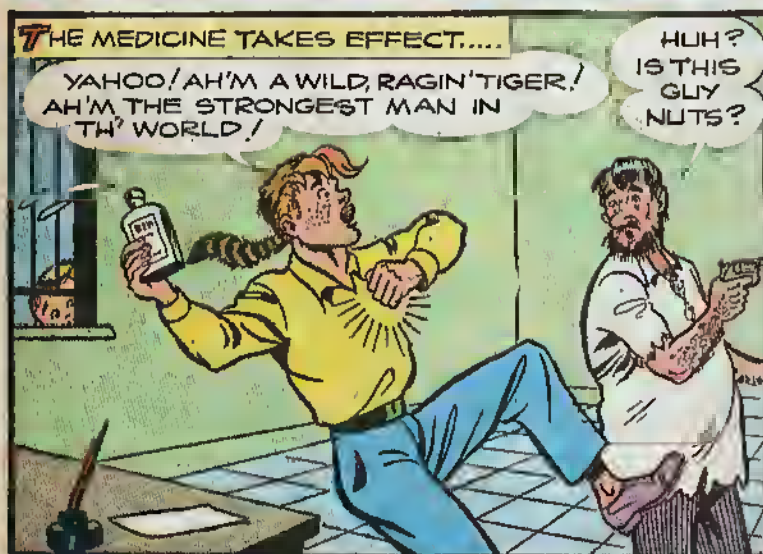


QUESTION No. 7. Is the postmaster general a member of the federal cabinet?









SLUG MASON  
WANTED BY THE STATE AND ALL OTHERS  
REWARD





# A PLEASANT LITTLE OUTING

Reeves

"AW gee, Dad — the river isn't dangerous at night. Joe Morgan an' Tom Wallace — well, the three of 'us have been figurin' on this picnic for weeks." Sitting on the arm of his father's chair, Rod Jensen tried a last, desperate plea.

"That's just about as long as you've been pestering me for permission, isn't it, Rod," Mr. Jensen said, draping his newspaper across his knees. "But, maybe it's time you had a little outing." His eyes twinkled as he turned his head toward his son. "All right—I'll drive you down to the landing and pick you up again at twelve. Promise me, though, that you'll take care of the canoe."

"Sure thing, Dad — you know me," Rod said. "I'll phone Tom an' Joe, an' tell 'em the good news. Hot diggity!"

Tom Wallace felt the same way about it when he finally settled himself in the middle of the canoe, resting his back against the wicker picnic hamper. His feet touched the thermos jug of ice cold lemonade, which he had placed just in rear of

Joe Morgan's scat in the bow.

"What a swell time to be on the water," he said, as Joe and Rod bent their paddles against the current.

Joe chuckled. "Wish we were on a flatboat, fightin' river pirates."

"There aren't any more river pirates," Rod said.

"Some in China still," said Joe.

"Used to be pirates here, too—read about 'em in a book," Tom said. "They hung out in places like the Cave in the Rock, frin'stance."

Joe laughed. "This ol' river wasn't healthy then—least not for picnics."

"Well, let's get on up to the sandbar." As he spoke, Rod put everything he had into the rearward sweep of the paddle. The canoe vibrated slightly under the pressure.

"Okay, Cap'n," Joe said.

The supper proved to be even better than the boys had expected. Best of all was the corn, which they baked in a ground oven of hot embers covered with sand. For a long while after they had

eaten, they lay back against an old log, looked into the fire and talked about the outlaws of Kentucky and Tennessee and the Natchez Trace. At last, when the goose pimples really got bad, Rod suggested they go for a dip.

But neither of the other two answered. From two hundred yards upstream where the bar ended, came the noise of powerful motors, followed suddenly by the sound of a keel grating against the sand.

"Hey!" Tom yelled. "Somebody's run aground!"

In the act of peeling off his shirt, Rod stopped, just in time to hear shouts and curses echoing through the darkness.

"Look — over there! There's a searchlight upstream!" He pointed toward a bend in the river, to the left of the grounded craft.

"Tha-that's the police boat, I'll bet," said Joe. "The cops must've been chasin' the boat that ran aground."

"Ye-yes," said Tom. "An' who's ever been chased is comin' this way."

The searchlight had caught the fleeing men in its arc.



One of them stopped, turned, and fired two shots in the direction of the light. In reply, three sharp bursts from the boat on the river kicked up the sand at his feet.

"If they're headin' here, let's give 'em a picnic, too," Rod said, his voice quavering. "Dump some sand on that fire, Joe—Tom, grab the thermos and duck behind the log. I'll get the hamper."

In a matter of seconds the three boys were stretched out behind the log, prepared to follow Rod's plan of action. Another interchange of shots increased the tension of their wait, and words almost failed him.

"Th-they'll surely come here—it's the only gr-ground where they can shoot it out and have cover for a get-away to the Kentucky shore."

"I'd like to be on the Indiana shore right now," Joe said.

"Back home in Indiana—what a good old song," said Tom.

"We won't have anything to sing about if we miss," Rod said. "If they get the jump on us, they'll either kill us or use us for hostages."

"Th-the way the river pirates used to do it, you mean?" As the beam of the searchlight flashed across the log, Joe stuck his head down. "And you said there weren't any more!"

"They're almost here!" Tom gasped.

Rod nodded. "When I give the signal—let 'em have it!"

With a shout Rod sprang up, just as the men leaped to clear the log. Swinging the hamper, which he had weighted heavily with sand, he brought it crashing down on the outthrust head of the man nearest him. Tom wielded the thermos jug with equally telling effect, and sent his man sprawling. A quick blow on the back of the neck by Joe with a piece of driftwood, finished him off into insensibility. Meanwhile, Tom went to Rod's aid, to quiet the victim of the wicker hamper.

"Some nerve," the boys heard Chief Carney saying, as he and two of his river patrolmen drew within earshot. "Some nerve. Them two mugs figured to get all the way to the Gulf o' Mexico, if my guess is right."

"Who are they, Chief?" Joe said, rising to let one of the patrolmen bring his prostrate charge around to his senses.

"Why, don't you know!" said the Chief. "Them's Pete Conally and Killer Strozo, two o' the worst criminals in these parts. Escaped from an Ohio pen three days ago."

"Wow!" said Tom, as he watched the second patrolman snap the cuffs on the groggy Strozo.

"Yeah, they knowed all

roads was guarded, so they made a quick deal for a boat. We picked up their trail when they stopped fer gas and grub at Tell City." The Chief let fly with a squirt of tobacco juice in the direction of the thugs. "C'mon, hoys, on yer feet. You'll have plenty o' time to rest up when you get to where yer goin'."

Rod also took the words as a hint. "Gee, we'd better be startin' back," he said to the others. "We'll just about make it by midnight."

"Yeah," said Joe, "an' wait'll your old man finds out what we've been up to."

Chief Carney overheard them. "Pretty late fer you boys to be out on the river, ain't it?" He smiled. "Waal, git yer gear together an' we'll give you a tow right down to Evansville. Papers will want to hear o' this—straight from the ones who captured them two thugs. There's a reward fer it, too."

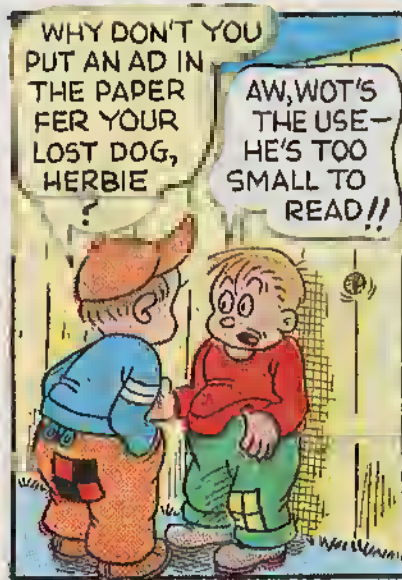
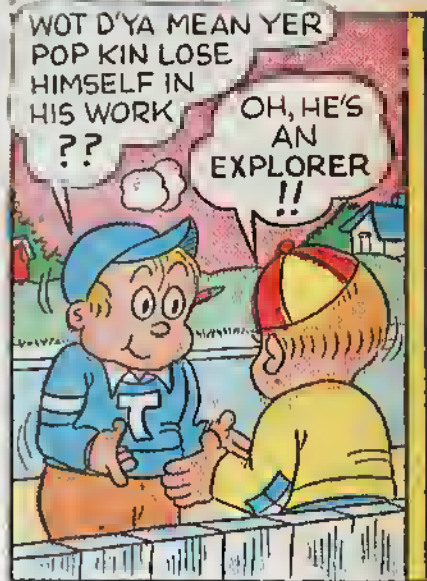
"Holy smoke!" Joe said.

Near the landing, Tom, in the bow, cast off the police boat's towline, and Rod guided the canoe into shore. Mr. Jensen was already there, blinking a flashlight at them as they drifted toward the bank.

"Hi, boys! Did you have a good time?" he hailed.

Rod laid his dripping paddle across the gunwales and cupped his hands to his mouth. "Sure did, Dad," he yelled. "What you might call—a pleasant little outing!"

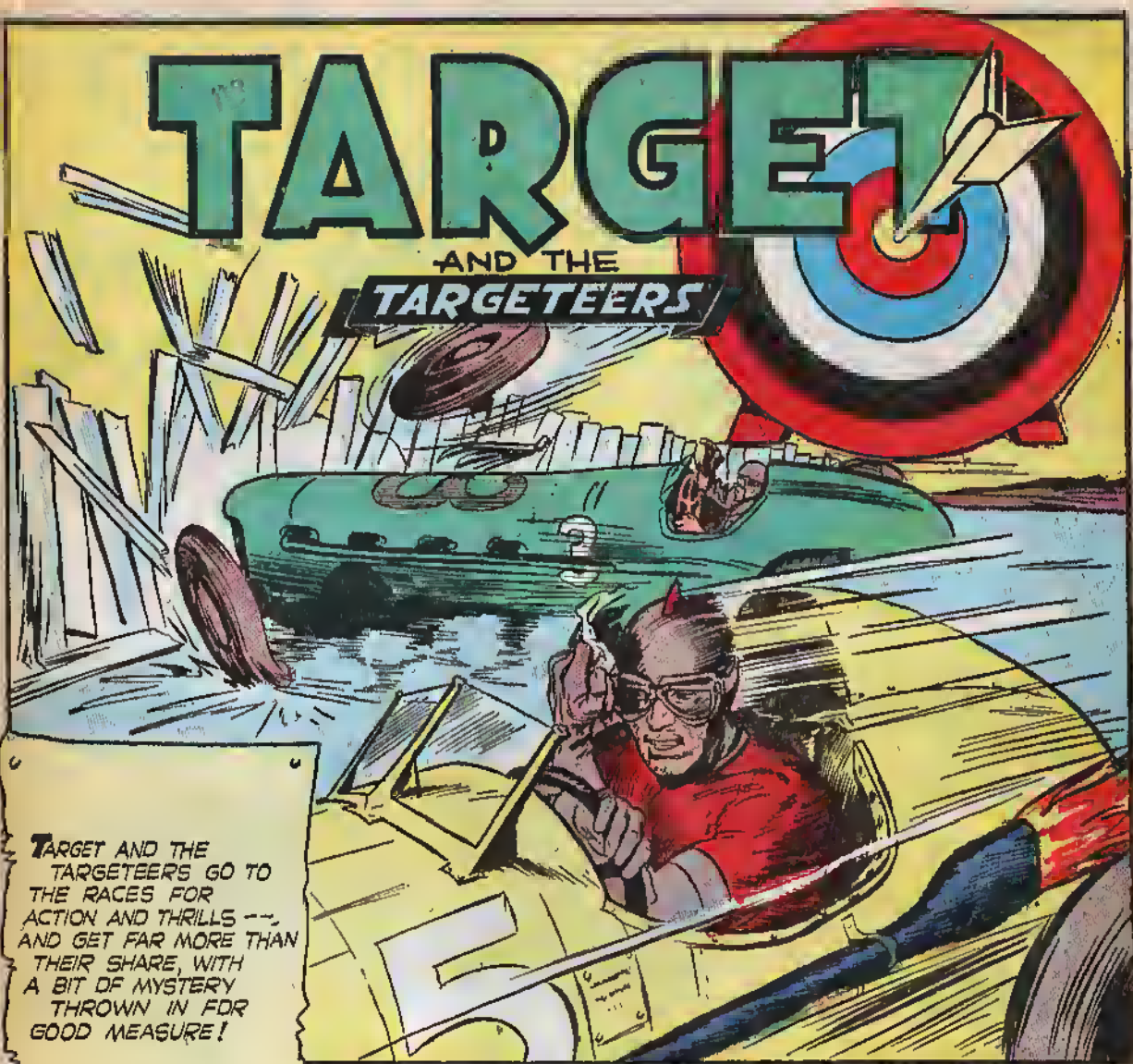
THE END





# TARGET

AND THE  
**TARGETEERS**



**TARGET AND THE TARGETEERS GO TO THE RACES FOR ACTION AND THRILLS ---, AND GET FAR MORE THAN THEIR SHARE, WITH A BIT OF MYSTERY THROWN IN FOR GOOD MEASURE!**

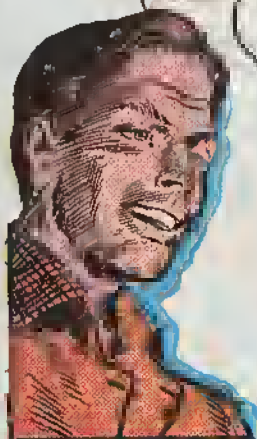
**NILES, TOM, AND DAVE TAKE AN AFTERNOON OFF FROM THE TROUBLE SHOOTERS' AGENCY, FOR A LITTLE FUN--**

THIS IS A SWELL IDEA, NILES-- I'VE ALWAYS HAD A SUPPRESSED DESIRE TO RACE AUTOS!

BETTER KEEP IT SUPPRESSED, TOM. WE'RE JUST HERE TO SEE A RACE!

AND I'M ROOTING FOR ONE 'MAN-- ALEX BRIGGS!

BRIGGS? ISN'T HE THE ONE-LEGGED WAR VETERAN WHO'S BEEN RUNNING WILD IN THE SMALL-TIME RACES?



THE SAME--BUT HE'S HITTING REAL COMPETITION TODAY. HE'LL HAVE A ROUGH GO OF IT!

I HOPE NOT.

ALEX BRIGGS WAS IN MY OUTFIT IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC. I NEVER KNEW HIM WELL-- BUT I'M SURE ROOTING FOR HIM.

ME TOO! LET'S WISH HIM LUCK BEFORE THE RACE STARTS.

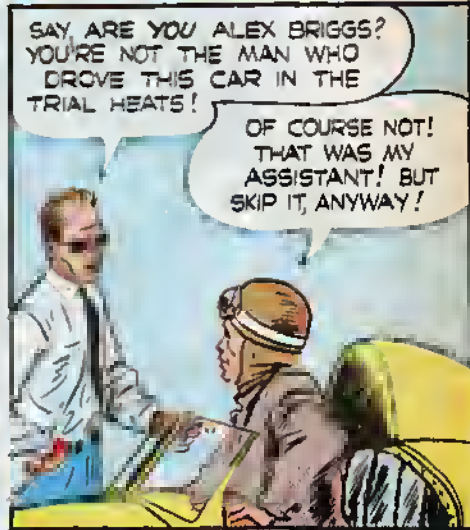
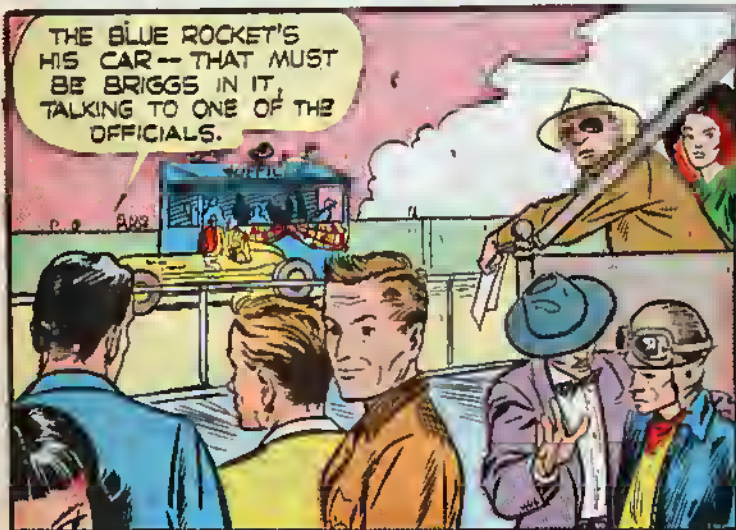
GOOD IDEA!



THE BLUE ROCKET'S HIS CAR-- THAT MUST BE BRIGGS IN IT, TALKING TO ONE OF THE OFFICIALS.

SAY ARE YOU ALEX BRIGGS? YOU'RE NOT THE MAN WHO DROVE THIS CAR IN THE TRIAL HEATS!

OF COURSE NOT! THAT WAS MY ASSISTANT! BUT SKIP IT, ANYWAY!



I'M DROPPING OUT OF THE RACE.

BUT YOU'RE THE FAVORITE!

HI, BRIGGS--

SO WHAT? I KNOW WHEN I'M OUTA MY CLASS! I AIN'T GOT A CHANCE! I'M OUT!

WELL, OKAY-- BUT I HOPE YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND!

HMMM.



**Q** UESTION No. 9 Briggs Stadium is the home of what baseball team?



GETTING BASHFUL, NILES? WHY DIDN'T YOU MITT BRIGGS, AND GIVE OUT WITH A PEP TALK?

I'M NOT SURE HE IS ALEX BRIGGS--HE DOESN'T LOOK THE WAY I REMEMBER HIM!



NILES STARTLES TOM AND DAVE BY SUDDENLY THROWING A ROCK AT THE STRANGER!

**OUCH!**



I OUGHTA SMACK YOU DOWN!

I'M TERRIBLY SORRY. IT WAS ALL AN ACCIDENT.



AW! YOU MET THOUSANDS OF GUYS IN THE ARMY! IF HE ISN'T BRIGGS, WHO IS HE?

DETECTIVE WORK IS GETTING YOU, NILES! YOU NEED A REST!



MAYBE--BUT I KNOW AN EASY WAY OF CHECKING ON HIS IDENTITY!



LOOKA THAT BRUISE! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA -- PUNK?



IF I WASN'T IN SUCH A HURRY, I'D TAKE YOU APART!

GOSH, NILES, HAVE YOU BLOWN YOUR TOP?



NO--NOT YET! BUT THAT STONE WOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN NOTICED BY THE REAL ALEX BRIGGS!

GEE, THAT'S RIGHT! ALEX BRIGGS HAS AN ARTIFICIAL RIGHT LEG! AND THAT GUY HASN'T!

HE DOESN'T EVEN REALIZE YOU TRICKED HIM!

RIGHT! AND NOW LET'S FOLLOW HIM AND SEE WHAT HE'S UP TO!

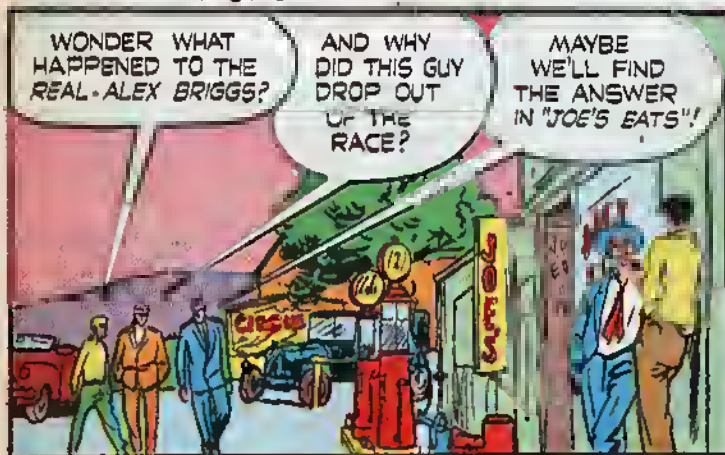


MILES REED, THE TARGET, AND HIS FELLOW TARGETEERS TRAIL THE MAN TO A DINGY LITTLE RESTAURANT NOT FAR FROM THE STADIUM...

WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO THE REAL ALEX BRIGGS?

AND WHY DID THIS GUY DROP OUT OF THE RACE?

MAYBE WE'LL FIND THE ANSWER IN "JOE'S EATS"!



IN "JOE'S EATS" --

WHAT'LL IT BE, GENTS?

YOU CAN SERVE US IN THE BACK ROOM.



NIX! THAT'S PRIVATE!

AND THAT'S EX-PRIVATE ALEX BRIGGS!

KEEP OUTA HERE, YOU PUNKS!

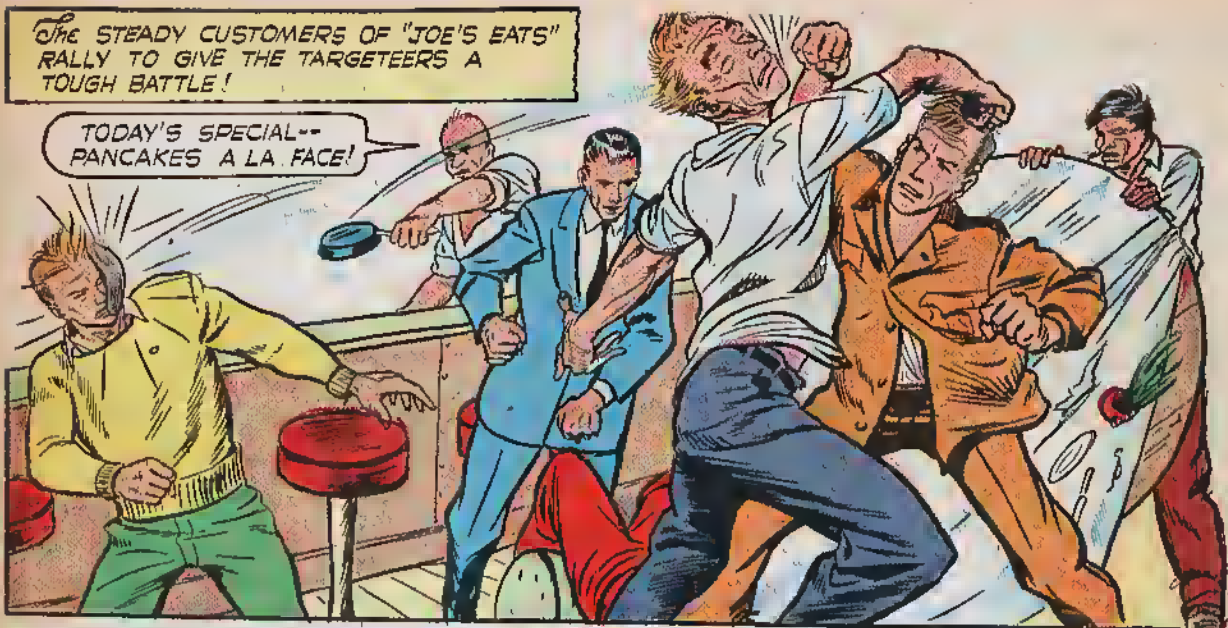
ON THE DOUBLE, BOYS! CHICK'S IN TROUBLE!





**THE STEADY CUSTOMERS OF "JOE'S EATS" RALLY TO GIVE THE TARGETEERS A TOUGH BATTLE!**

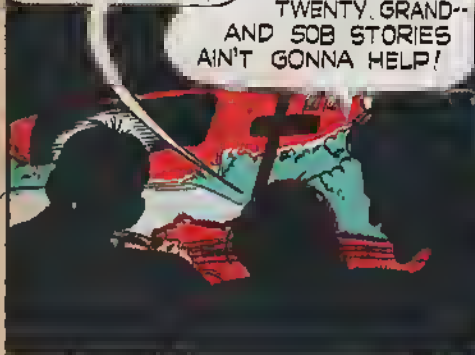
**TODAY'S SPECIAL--  
PANCAKES A LA FACE!**



**MEANWHILE, ALEX BRIGGS IS  
SMUGGLED OUT!**

**YOU RATS ARE  
RUINING MY  
ONE BIG CHANCE!**

**SHUDDUP--WE'RE  
OUT TO MAKE  
SURE OF THAT  
TWENTY GRAND--  
AND SOB STORIES  
AIN'T GONNA HELP!**



**HAVE SOME OF  
YOUR OWN STEW,  
CHUM-- IT'LL GIVE  
YOU SOMETHING  
TO BEEF ABOUT!**

**HEY! THEY'RE  
GETTING  
AWAY WITH  
ALEX!**



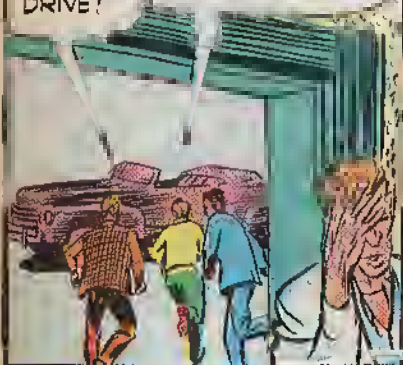
**C'MON!  
WE'LL  
CHASE  
'EM  
IN  
OUR  
CAR!**

**TOM! GO  
TO THE  
STADIUM! IF  
WE'RE NOT  
BACK WITH  
ALEX IN  
TIME--YOU  
DRIVE THE  
BLUE ROCKET!**



**YEOW!  
DON'T  
HURRY!  
I'D LOVE  
TO  
DRIVE!**

**I HOPE YOU  
DON'T HAVE TO!  
YOU DON'T KNOW  
THE FIRST THING  
ABOUT RACING!**



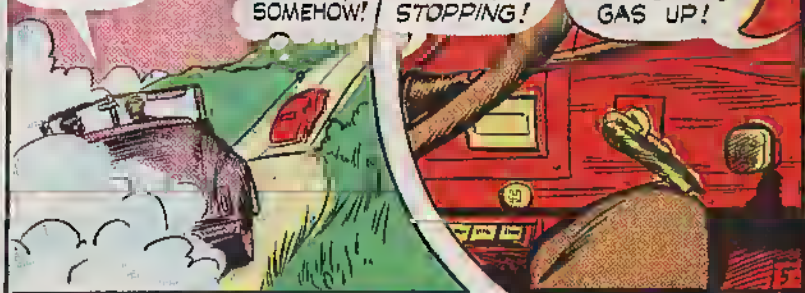
**NILES AND DAVE ARE SOON  
RACING AFTER THE FLEEING  
CAR, BUT THEY CAN'T CATCH IT.**

**JEEPERS, NILES!  
WE'LL NEVER GET  
BRIGGS IN  
TIME!**

**I GOTTA  
STOP  
THIS  
JALOPY,  
SOMEHOW!**

**WHAT'S  
HAPPENED?  
THE CAR'S  
STOPPING!**

**YOU DOPE!  
YOU MUSTA  
FORGOT TO  
GAS UP!**



**FINALLY, ALEX BRIGGS  
JUDGES THE IGNITION  
KEY WITH HIS KNEE --  
THUS STOPPING THE CAR.**

AND A MINUTE LATER, NILES AND DAVE, ACE FIGHTERS, HAVE TAKEN OVER.

AW, THIS DON'T MAKE NO DIFFERENCE! MY DRIVER, NUMBER THREE, IS BOUND TO WIN!

YEAH, HIS DIRTY TRICKS WILL RUIN ANYBODY WHO GIVES HIM A RACE!



LAP AFTER LAP, THE POWERFUL RACERS DRONE ON, WITH TOM AND NUMBER 3 BATTLING FOR THE LEAD.

HEH! HEH! NOT BAD FOR AN AMATEUR--THOUGH I MUST ADMIT THIS CAR IS TERRIFIC!

THAT GUY'S TOO GOOD, BUT I'LL GET HIM AT THE TURN WHERE THE JUDGES CAN'T SEE US!



BRIGGS, HERE, WAS THE ONLY GUY WE HAD TO WORRY ABOUT--AND HE CAN'T RACE NOW!

GOSH, WE HAVE TO WARN TOM ABOUT NUMBER THREE!

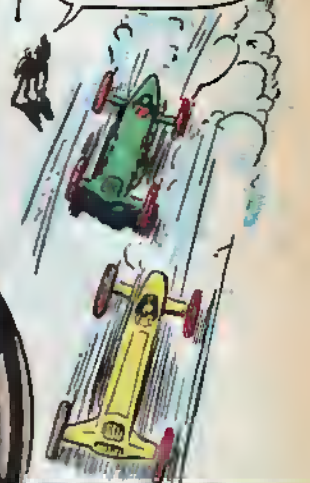
IT'S TOO LATE, DAVE! TOM'S ON HIS OWN NOW!



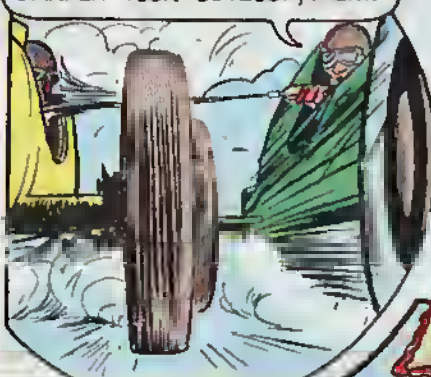
AT THAT MOMENT, THE RACE IS STARTING!

RATHER IRREGULAR--LETTING SOMEONE SUB FOR BRIGGS AT THE LAST MOMENT--BUT HE'S A TARGETEER.

THAT MEANS HE'S OKAY!



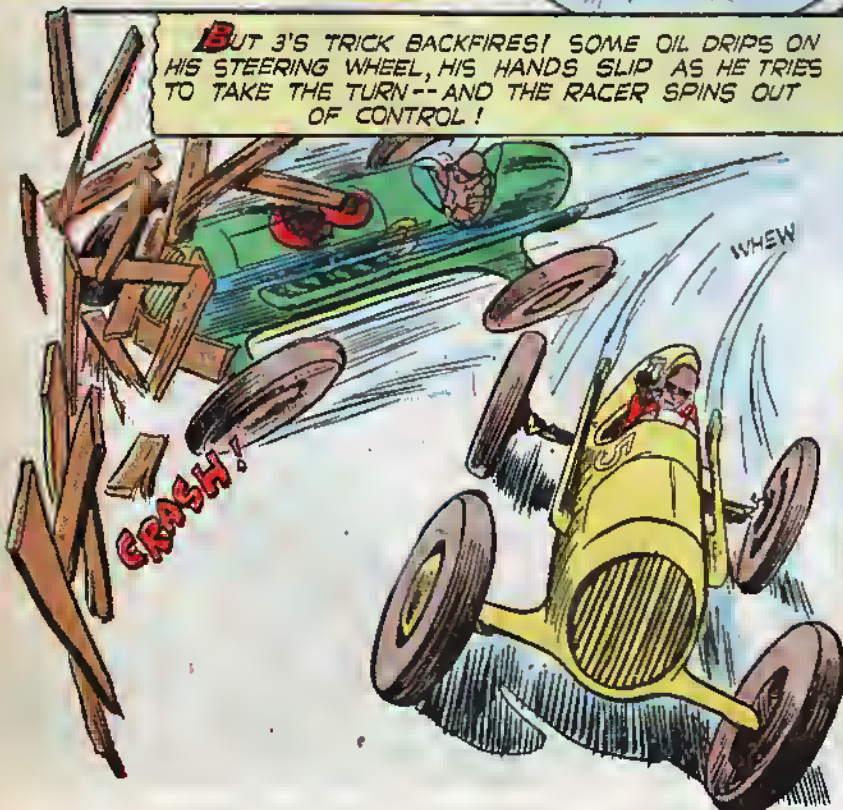
A LITTLE OIL SPRAY OUGHTA DARKEN YOUR OUTLOOK, CHUM!



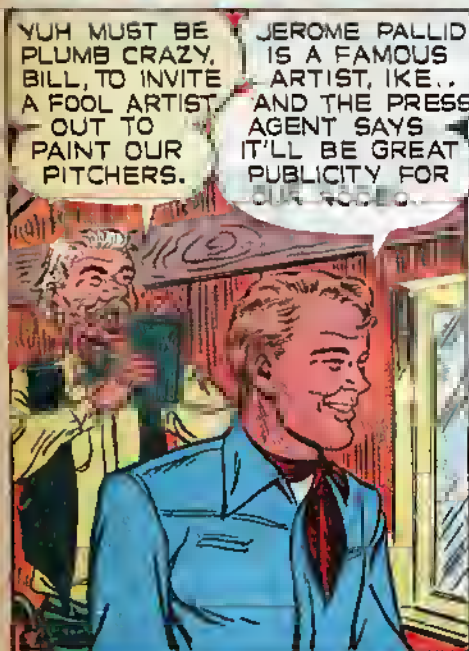
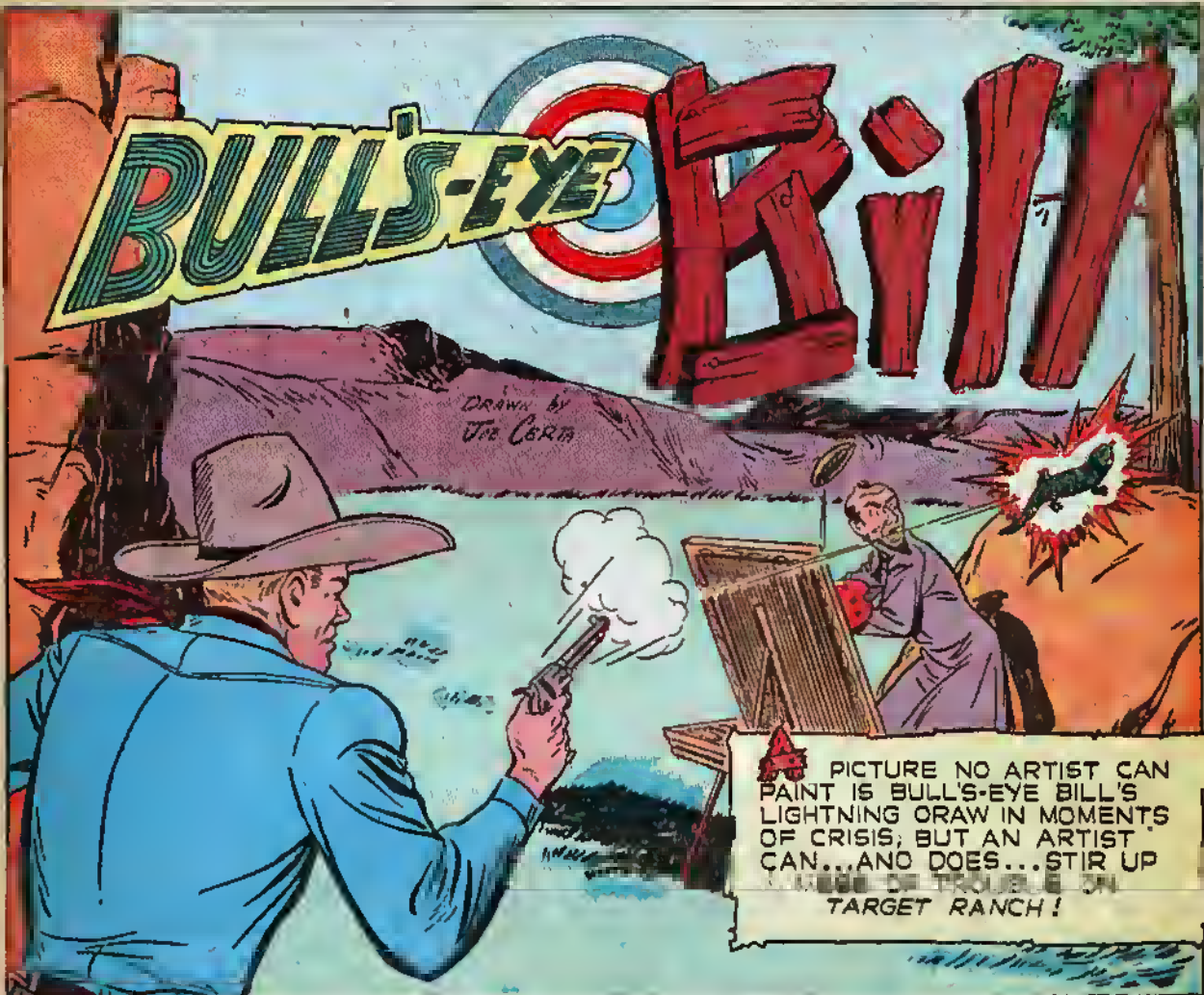
LATER---

BUT 3'S TRICK BACKFIRES! SOME OIL DRIPS ON HIS STEERING WHEEL, HIS HANDS SLIP AS HE TRIES TO TAKE THE TURN--AND THE RACER SPINS OUT OF CONTROL!

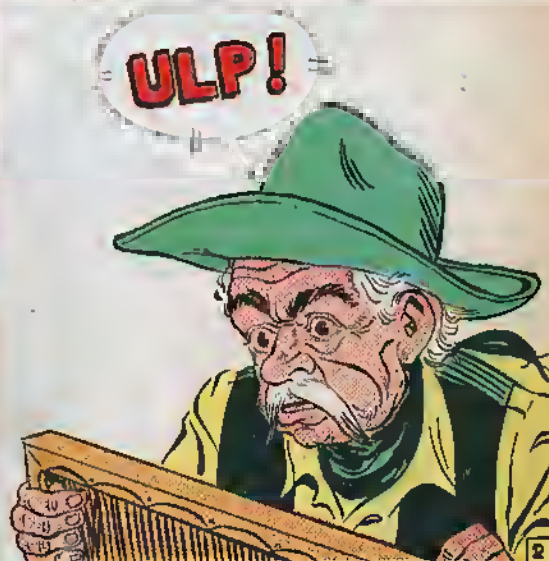
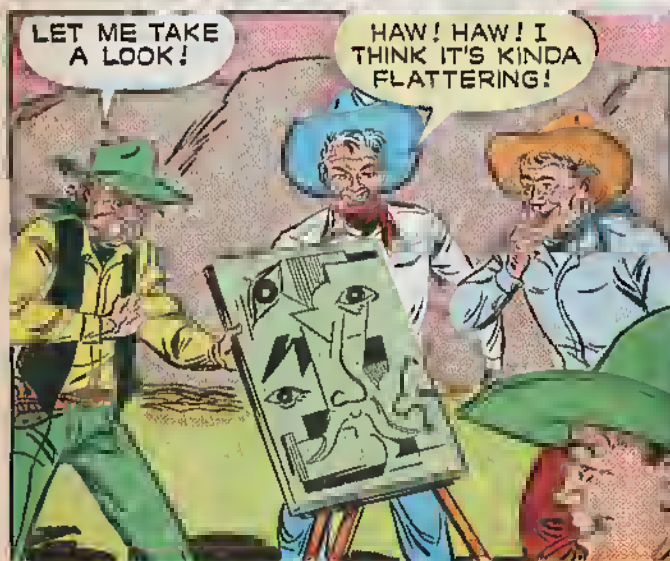
HERE, BRIGGS--IT WAS YOUR CAR THAT WON--NOT ME!















IKE!  
DON'T!

DINGBUST IT! NO DUDE  
PAINT SLINGER CAN MAKE  
A CROSS-EYED RANNIE  
OUTA ME!



SACRILEGE! THE  
GREATEST CRIME  
SINCE PEARL  
HARBOR!

RECKON I CAN  
USE PAINTS,  
TOO!



HERE'S THE  
WAY I  
PAINT!



STOP IT, YOU  
HOT-HEADED  
FOOL!

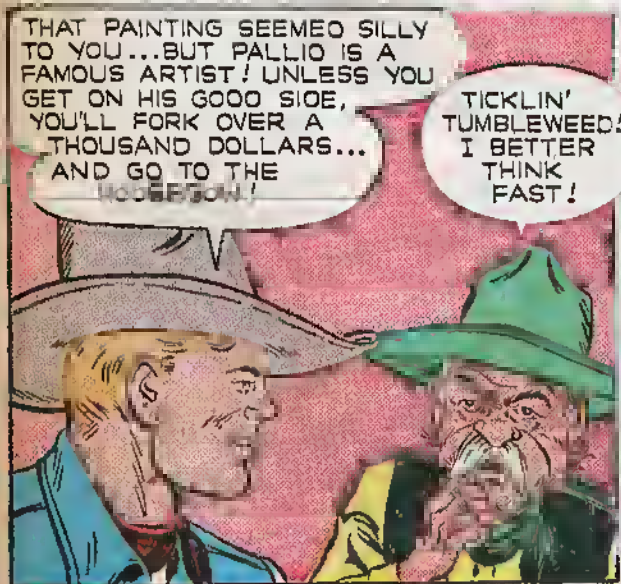
I'LL SUE! I  
COULD HAVE  
SOLD THAT  
PAINTING IN  
TOWN FOR A  
THOUSAND  
DOLLARS!



YOU'LL  
GO TO  
JAIL!

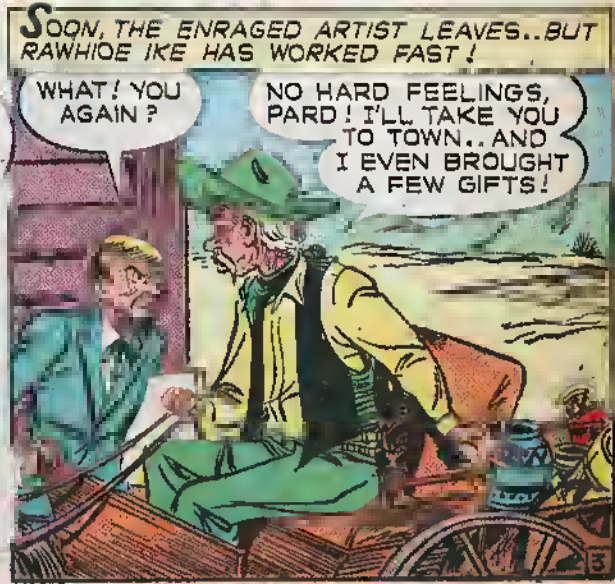
WHEW! YOU'RE  
IN A JAM, IKE!  
PALLID HAS  
AN AIRTIGHT  
CASE!

AW!



THAT PAINTING SEEEMO SILLY  
TO YOU...BUT PALLID IS A  
FAMOUS ARTIST! UNLESS YOU  
GET ON HIS GOOD SIDE,  
YOU'LL FORK OVER A  
THOUSAND DOLLARS...  
AND GO TO THE  
HOUSE OF BOW!

TICKLIN'  
TUMBLEWEED!  
I BETTER  
THINK  
FAST!



SOON, THE ENRAGED ARTIST LEAVES...BUT  
RAWHOE IKE HAS WORKED FAST!

WHAT! YOU  
AGAIN?

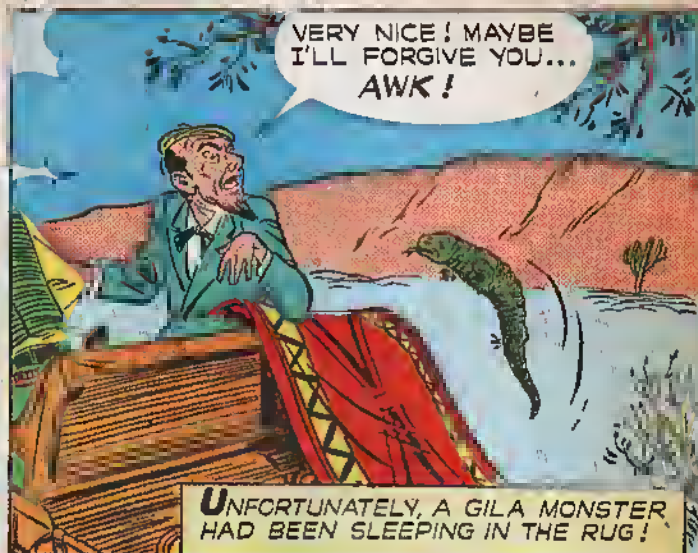
NO HARD FEELINGS,  
PARD! I'LL TAKE YOU  
TO TOWN...AND  
I EVEN BROUGHT  
A FEW GIFTS!





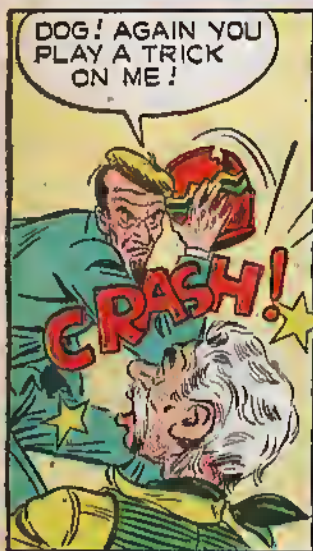
FER  
YOU!

REALLY? THESE  
ARE RARE OLD  
INDIAN RUGS AND  
VASES.



VERY NICE! MAYBE  
I'LL FORGIVE YOU...  
AWK!

UNFORTUNATELY, A GILA MONSTER  
HAD BEEN SLEEPING IN THE RUG!



DOG! AGAIN YOU  
PLAY A TRICK  
ON ME!

CRASH!



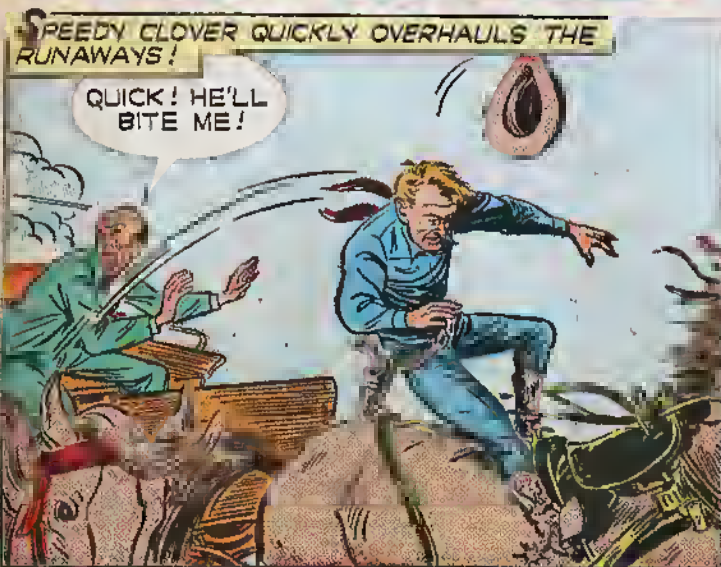
IKE IS KAYOED. THE  
STARTLED HORSES RUN  
AWAY AS PALLID  
WATCHES THE POISONOUS  
MONSTER APPROACH!

HELP! HELP!



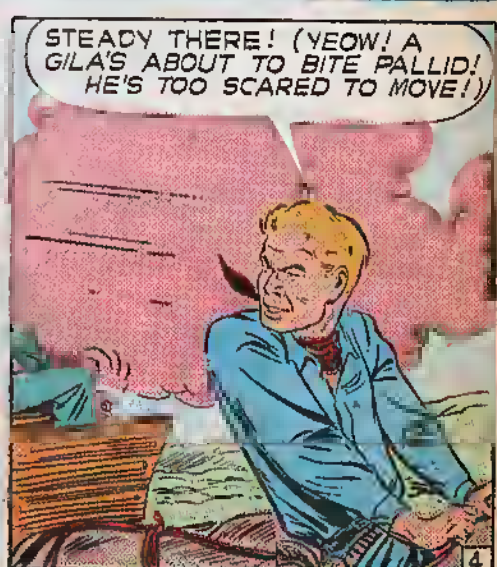
HELP!  
HELP!

DIG IT, CLOVER!  
IKE'S IN TROUBLE  
AGAIN!



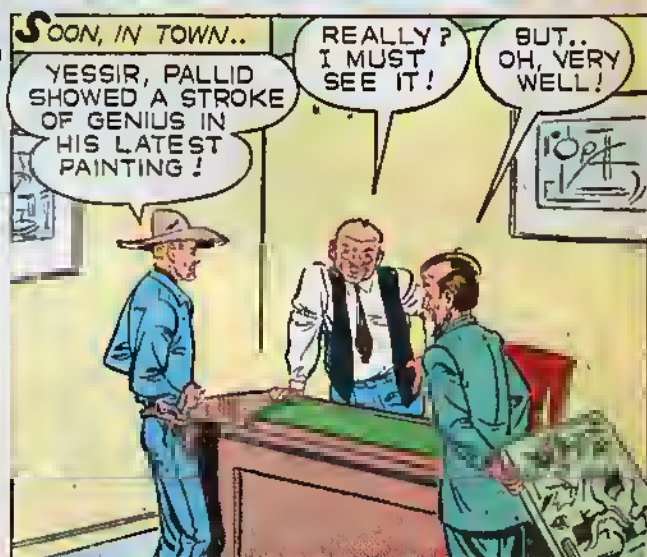
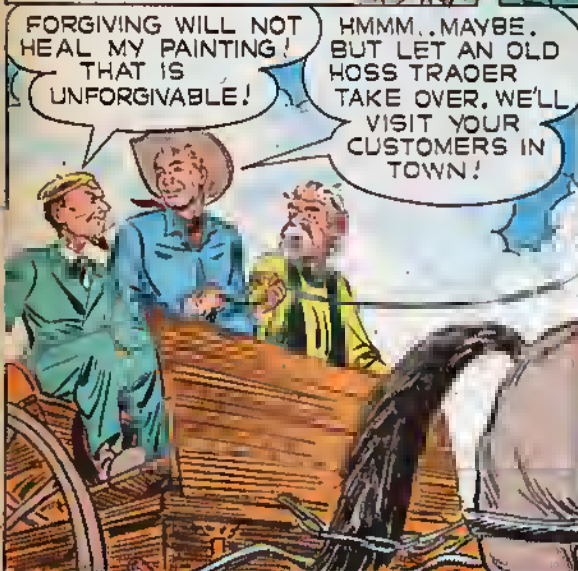
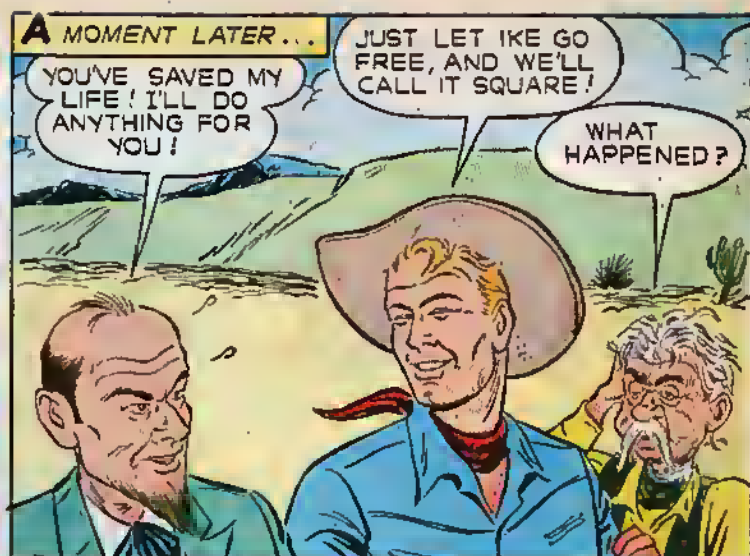
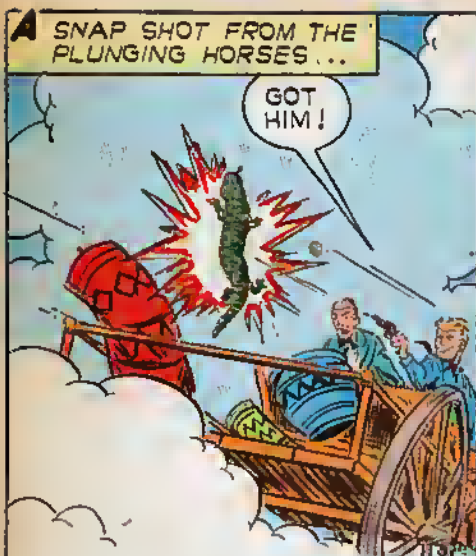
SPEEDY CLOVER QUICKLY OVERHAULS THE  
RUNAWAYS!

QUICK! HE'LL  
BITE ME!



STEADY THERE! (YEOW! A  
GILA'S ABOUT TO BITE PALLID!  
HE'S TOO SCARED TO MOVE!)

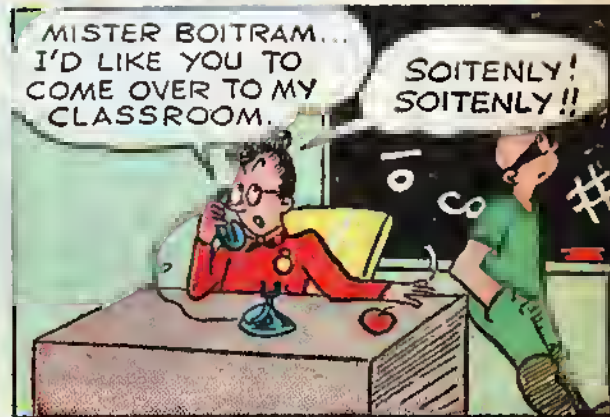
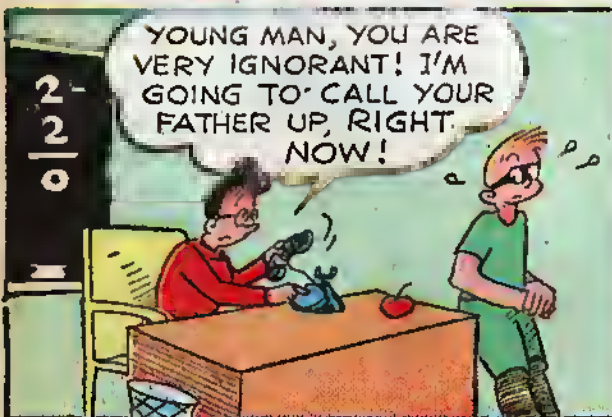
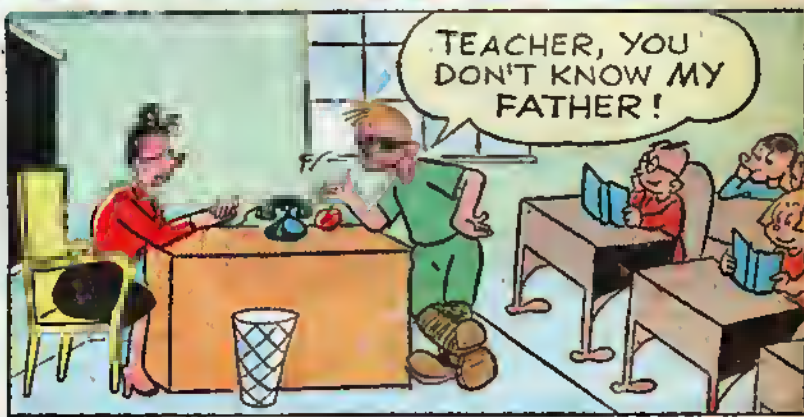
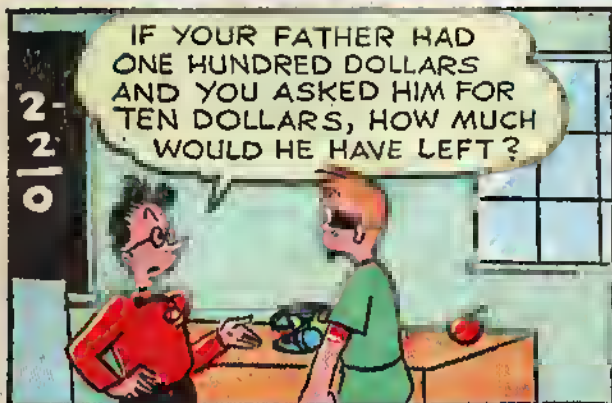
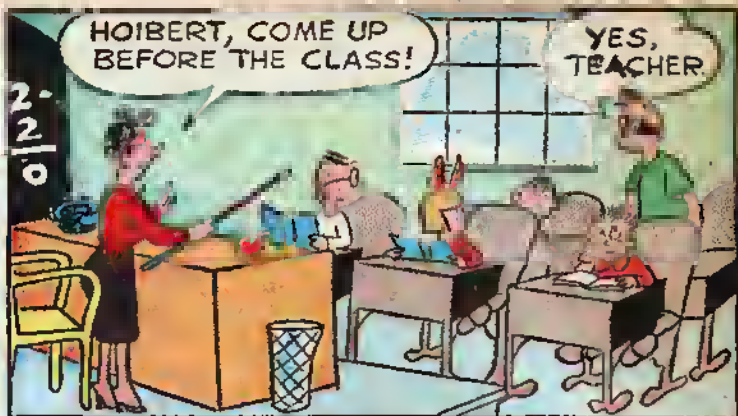




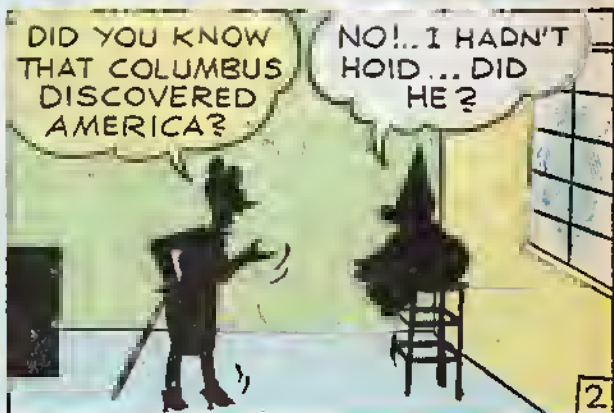
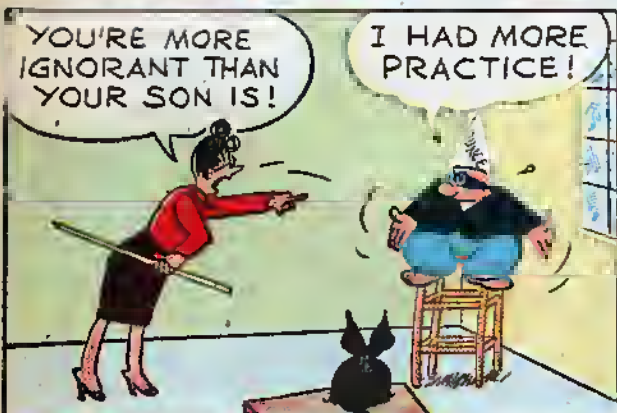
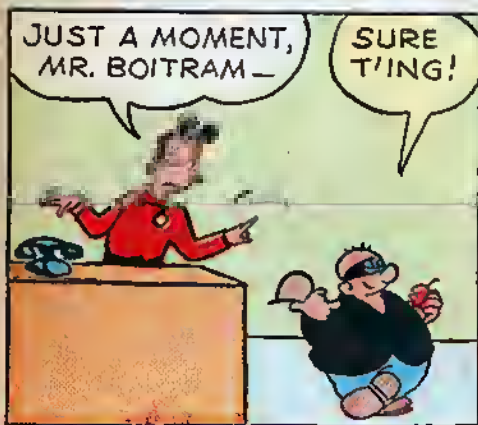
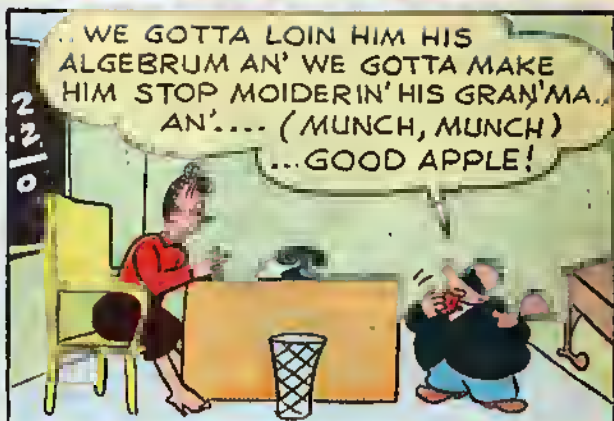
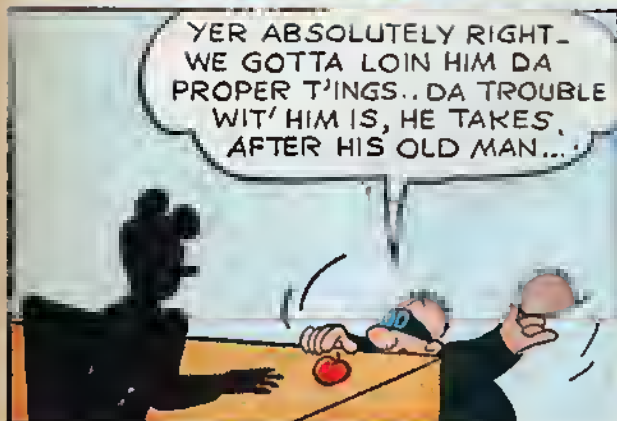
# BOITRAM

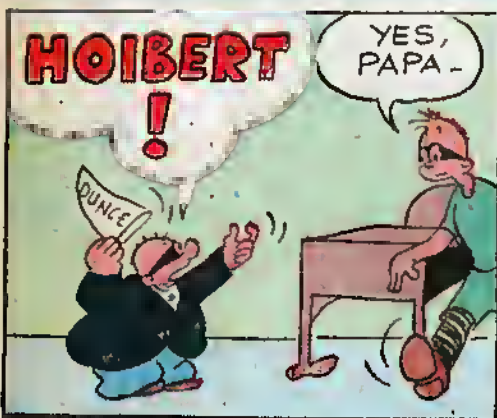
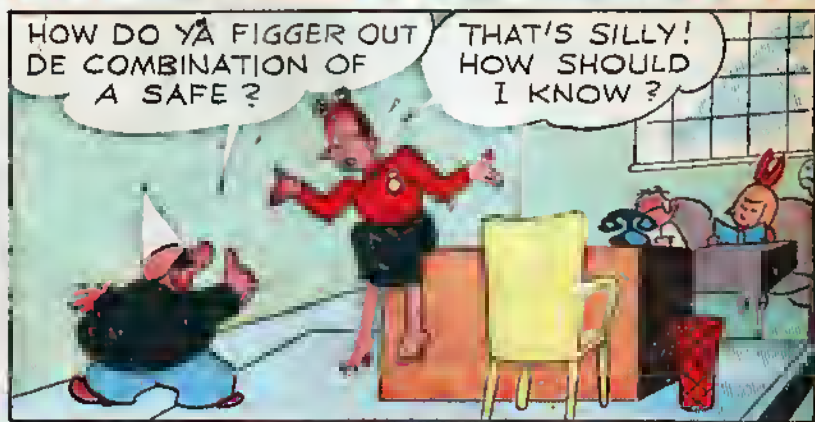
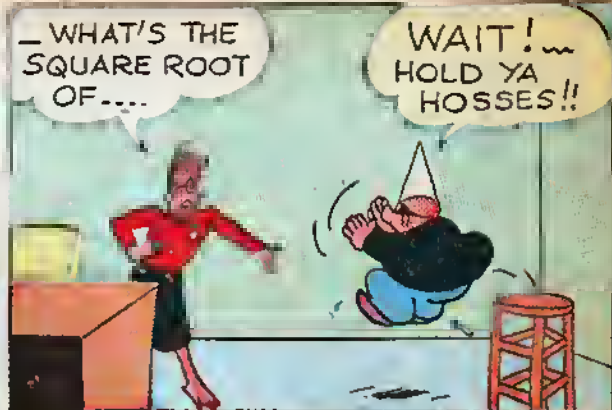
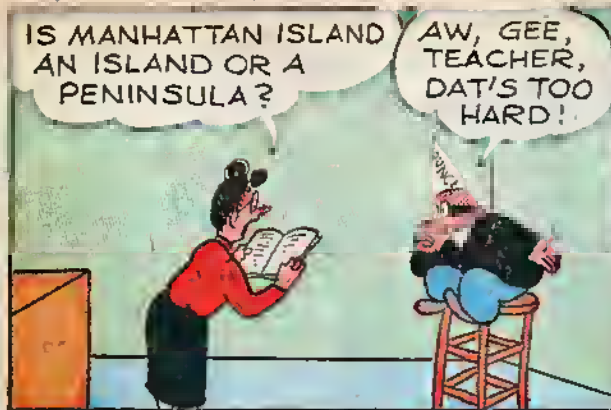
The

# BOIGLAR





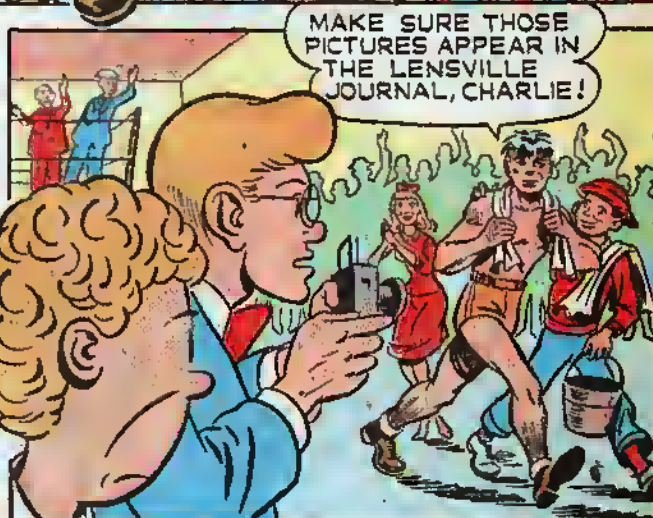
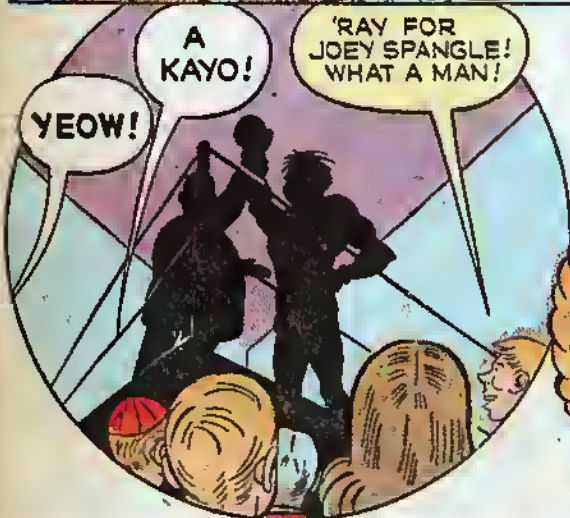
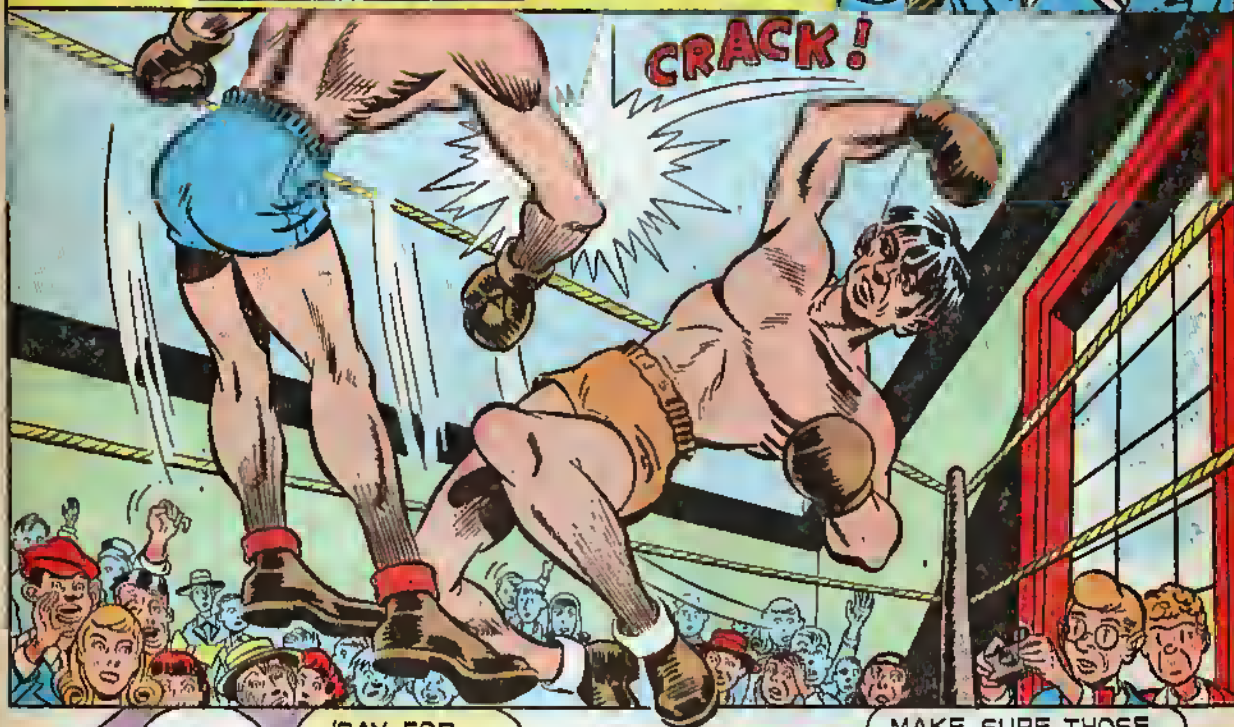
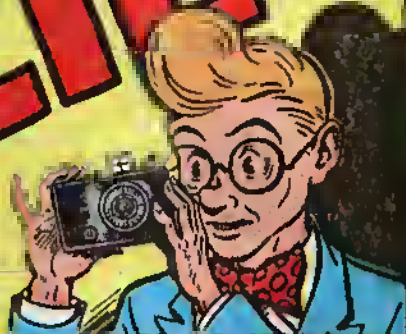


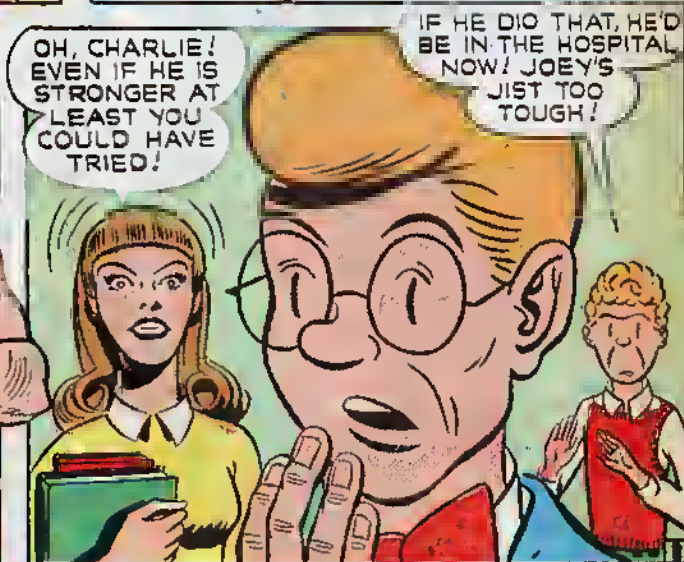
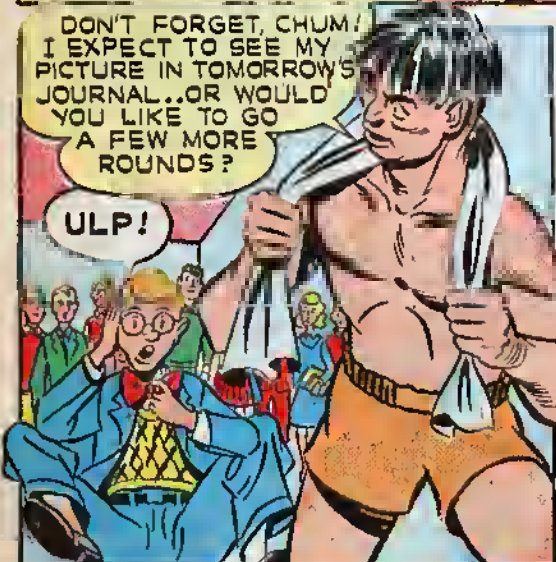
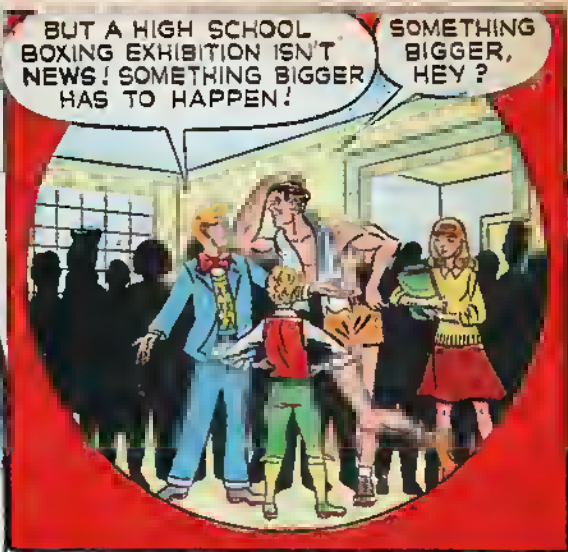
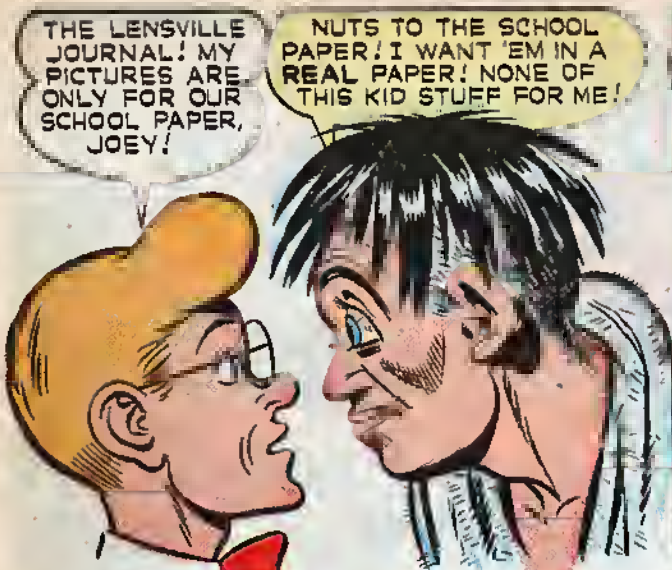




# CANDID CHARLIE

DRAWN by BOB Q. SIEGE

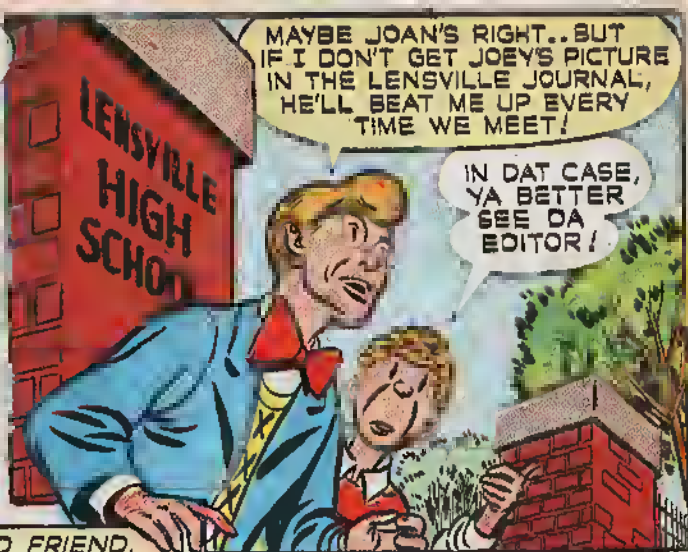
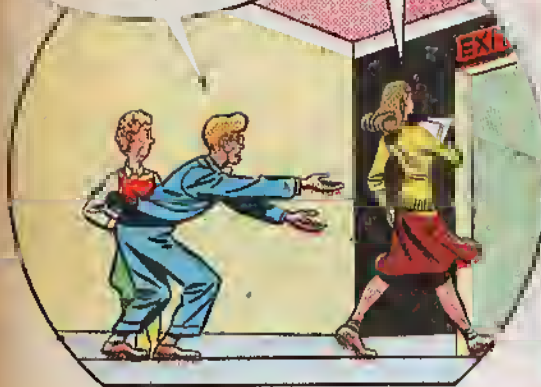






GOSH, JOAN...  
AREN'T YOU GONNA  
WALK HOME WITH  
ME?

NO, THANKS! I'M  
NOT INTERESTED  
IN COWARDS!



MAYBE JOAN'S RIGHT..BUT  
IF I DON'T GET JOEY'S PICTURE  
IN THE LENSVILLE JOURNAL,  
HE'LL BEAT ME UP EVERY  
TIME WE MEET!

IN DAT CASE,  
YA BETTER  
SEE DA  
EDITOR!

CHARLIE GOES TO THE EDITOR, AN OLD FRIEND,  
AND EXPLAINS HIS PLIGHT!

...SO IT'S UP TO YOU TO  
SAVE ME! JUST ONE  
PICTURE WILL DO THE  
TRICK!

MMMM...I'VE HEARD  
OF JOEY SPANGLE!  
QUITE A BULLY!



BUT..ANYTHING FOR  
AN OLD PAL! I'LL PRINT  
THE PICTURE!

SWELL!  
THANKS A  
MILLION!

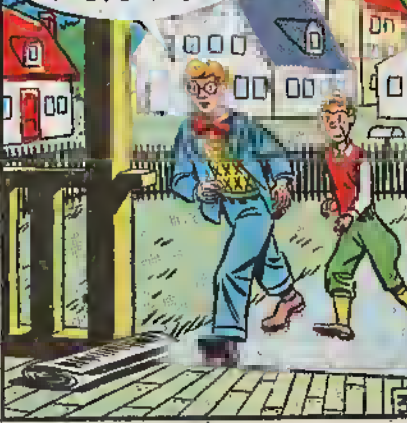


YES..I'LL PRINT THE  
PICTURE..IN SUCH A  
WAY AS TO PUNCTURE  
THAT HOODLUM'S  
INFLATED EGO!

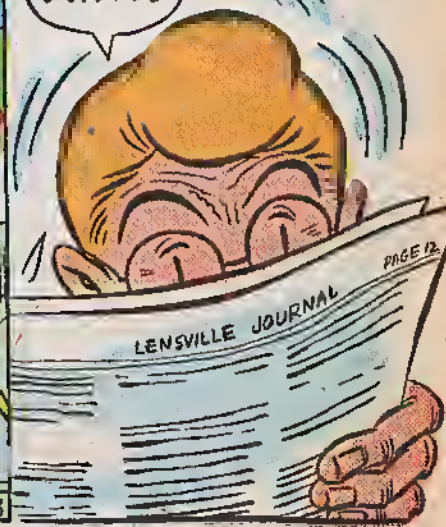


NEXT AFTERNOON...

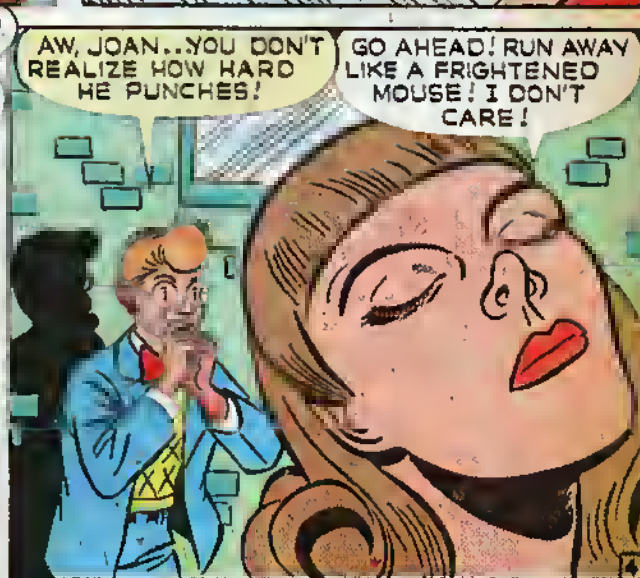
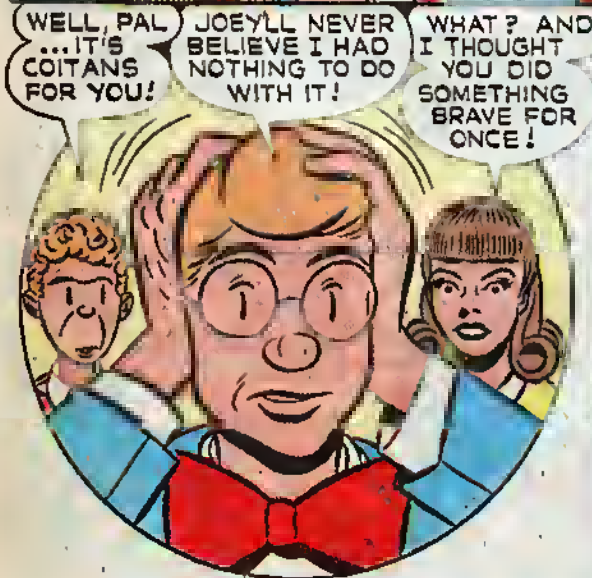
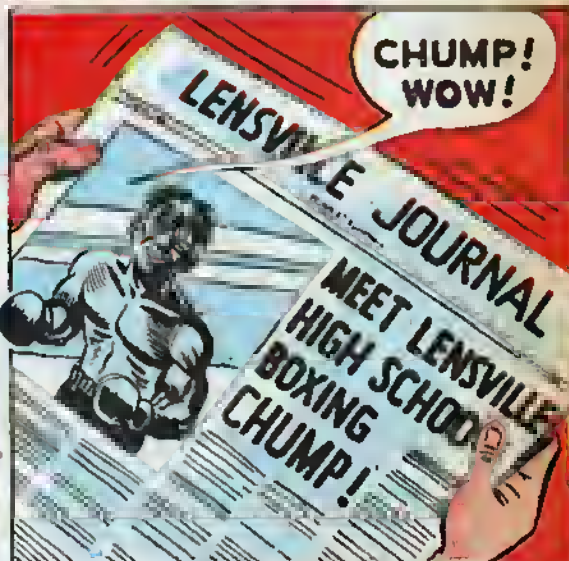
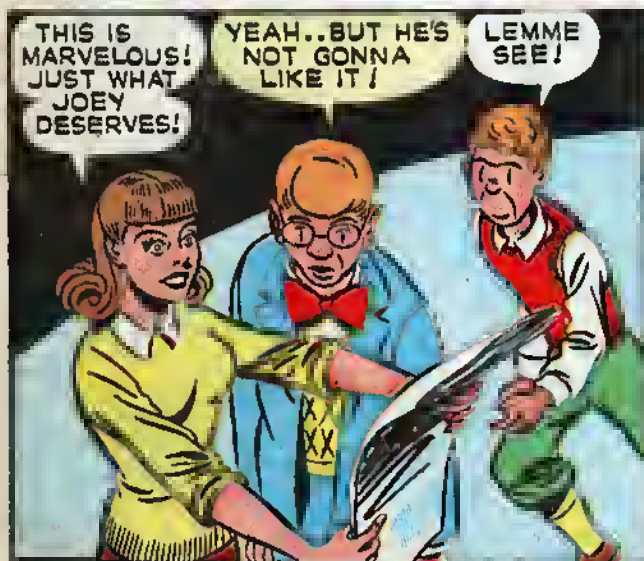
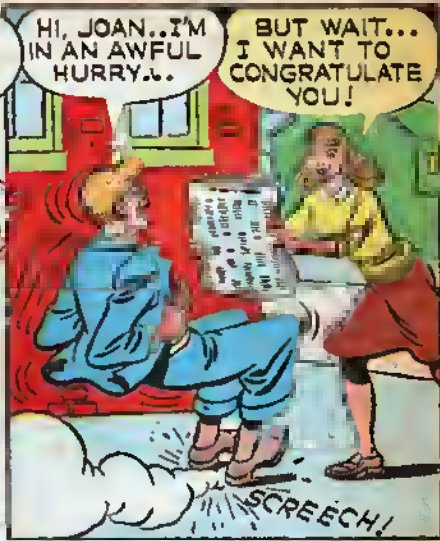
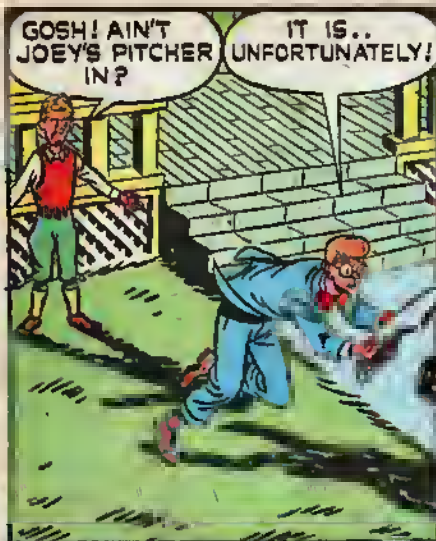
AH, THERE'S THE  
JOURNAL! LET'S  
SEE JOEY'S  
PICTURE!



AWK!

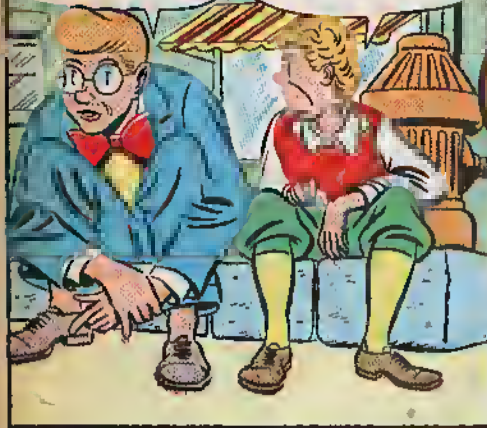






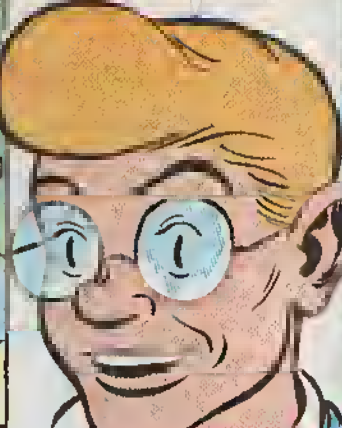


MERKIN..I JUST CAN'T RUN AWAY! SOMEHOW I'LL DEFEAT JOEY!



HUH! HOSPITALS ARE AWFUL CROWDED..WHY MAKE IT WORSE?

HOSPITALS! THAT'S IT! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE?

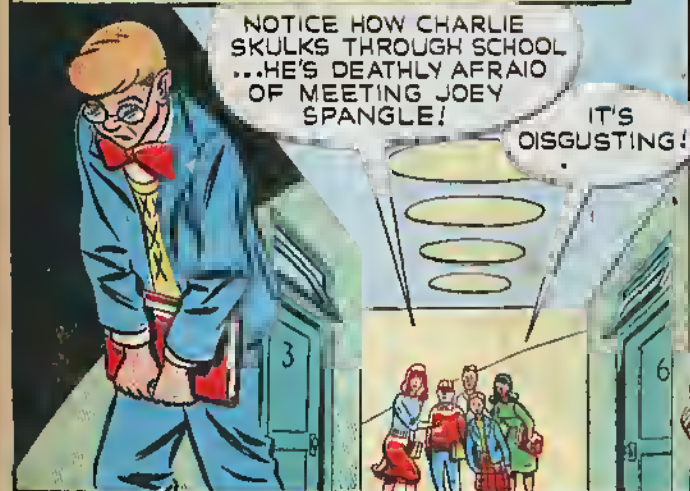


I'M OFF TO LENSVILLE GENERAL HOSPITAL...SEE YOU LATER!



POOR CHARLIE! HE MUST BE CRACKIN' UNDER DA STRAIN!

AND IN THE NEXT FEW DAYS, THE STUDENTS AGREE WITH MERKIN'S THEORY!



NOTICE HOW CHARLIE SKULKS THROUGH SCHOOL ...HE'S DEATHLY AFRAID OF MEETING JOEY SPANGLE!

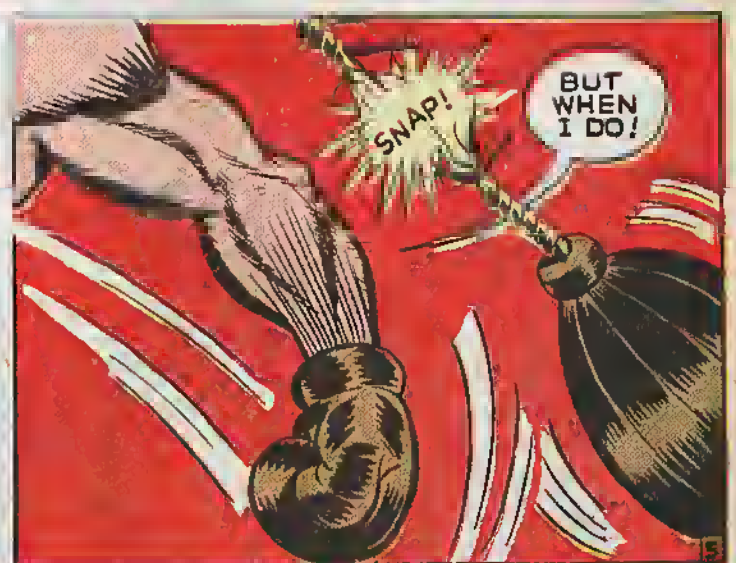
IT'S DISGUSTING!

I HEAR CHARLIE'S ALWAYS HANGING AROUND THE HOSPITAL NOW!

TRYING TO AVOID JOEY..BUT THEY'RE BOUND TO MEET SOMETIME!



DOGGONE IT! I JUST CAN'T CATCH UP WITH THAT LITTLE CAMERA FIEND!



SNAP!

BUT WHEN I DO!



**SURPRISINGLY, CHARLIE FINALLY SHOWS UP ONE AFTERNOON AT A JOEY SPANGLE BOXING EXHIBITION!**

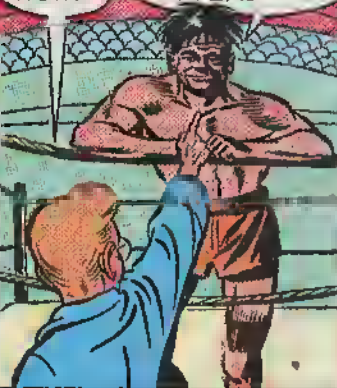
CHARLIE!

HUH! I NOTICE YOU BROUGHT A DOCTOR, AND YOU'LL PROBABLY NEED HIM!

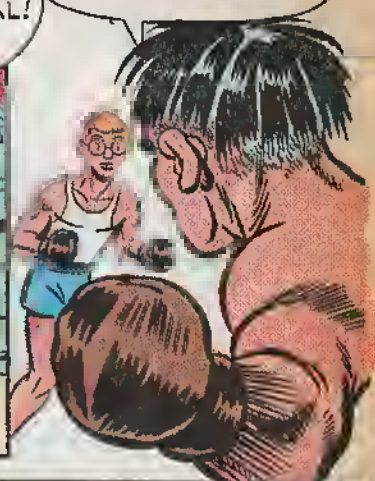


SPANGLE, I'M TIRED OF RUNNING FROM YOU! LET'S HAVE IT OUT RIGHT NOW!

STEP UP TO THE SLAUGHTER, PAL! THIS'LL BE A PLEASURE!

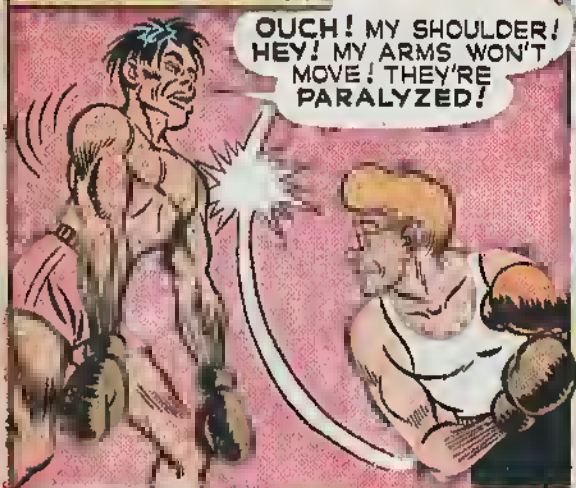


JUST TO SHOW YOU HOW SOFT-HEARTED I AM, I'LL END IT ALL IN ONE PUNCH!



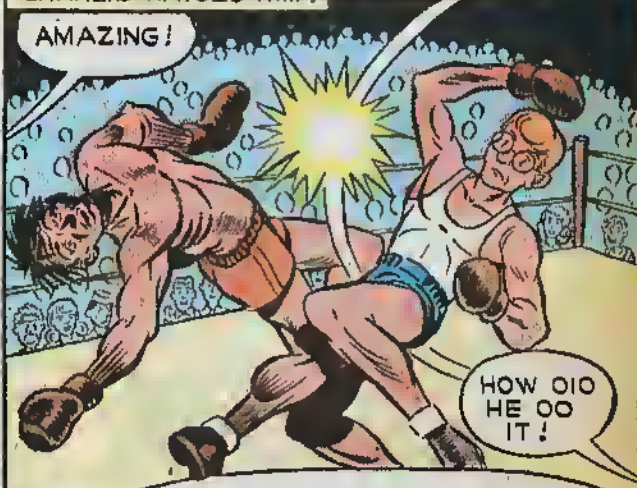
**SUDDENLY, CHARLIE LASHES OUT...WITH STARTLING RESULTS!**

OUCH! MY SHOULDER! HEY! MY ARMS WON'T MOVE! THEY'RE PARALYZED!



**JOEY'S ARMS DANGLE HELPLESSLY AS CHARLIE KAYOES HIM!**

AMAZING!

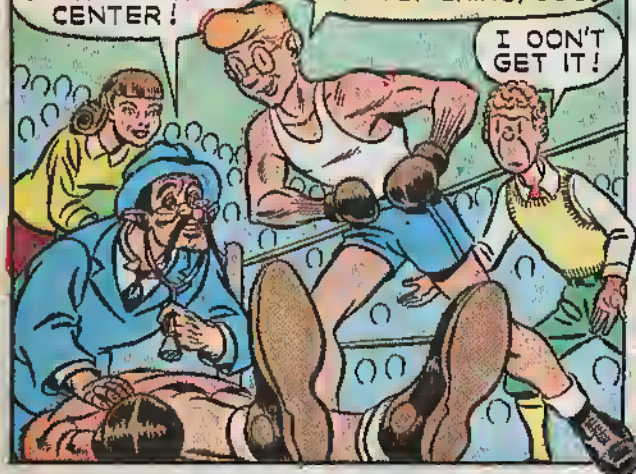


HOW DID HE DO IT!

WELL DONE, CHARLIE! YOU HIT HIM EXACTLY ON THE NERVE CENTER!

AND THAT PARALYZED HIS ARMS TEMPORARILY! YOU DID A GOOD JOB OF TEACHING, OOC!

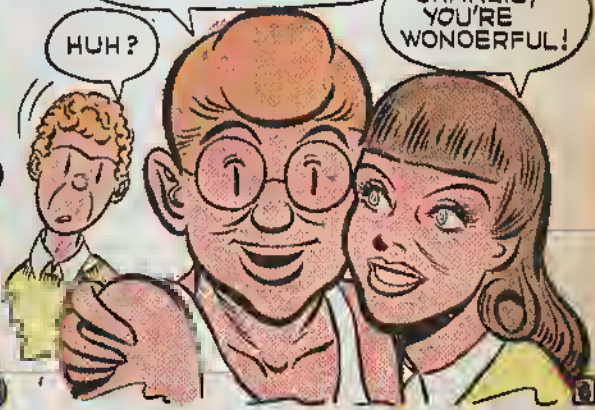
I DON'T GET IT!



WELL, I'VE TAKEN PICTURES FOR OOC MEKIT AT THE HOSPITAL.. SO HE REPAIO ME BY SHOWING ME THE WEAKNESSES OF THE HUMAN BODY! I COULDN'T FIGHT JOEY UNTIL I WAS SURE I COULD HIT THE EXACT SPOT!

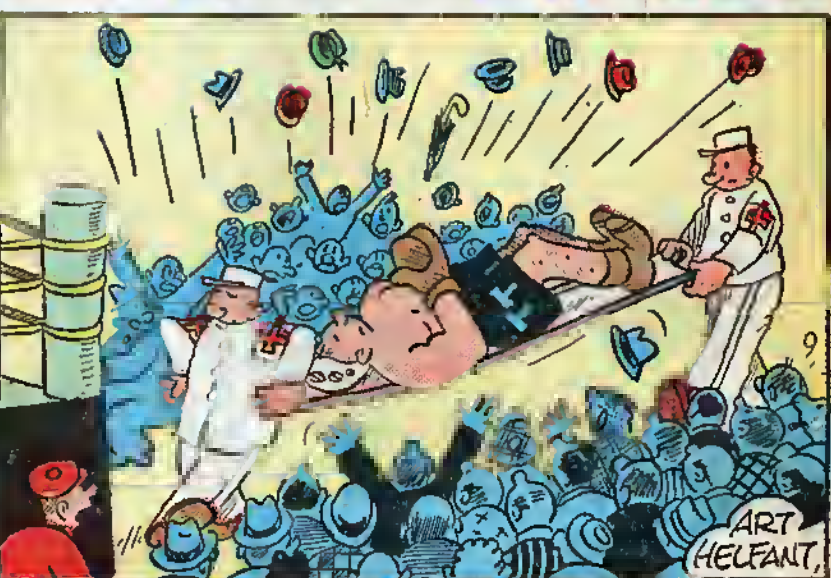
CHARLIE, YOU'RE WONDERFUL!

HUH?





# TWO-TON O'TOOLE





# TARGETOONS



MY BABY BROTHER SWALLOWED  
SOME OF MY CAMERA FILM  
LAST NIGHT!!



DID ANYTHING  
DEVELOP YET?

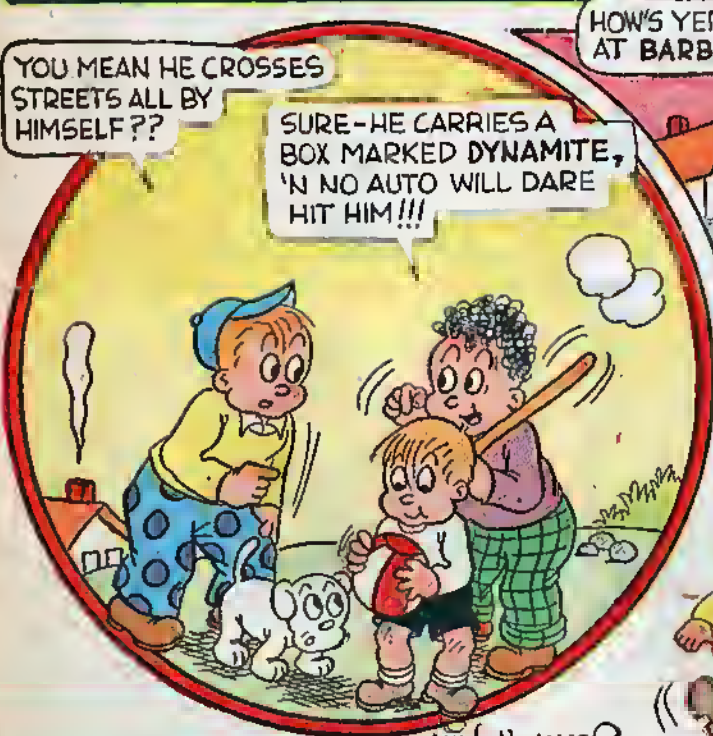
TH' FISH WAS SO BIG! I  
NEVER SAW SUCH A  
FISH, SPECS!!!



I BELIEVE  
YOU!!!

YOU MEAN HE CROSSES  
STREETS ALL BY  
HIMSELF??

SURE- HE CARRIES A  
BOX MARKED DYNAMITE,  
'N NO AUTO WILL DARE  
HIT HIM!!!



HOW'S YER BROTHER DOIN'  
AT BARBER'S COLLEGE??

SWELL! THEY JIST  
MADE HIM A  
SHEAR LEADER!!



MY BROTHER SAID THAT  
TH' ARMY WUZ TH' BEST  
PLACE TO DE-  
VELOP A SENSE  
OF RUMOR!!



MILT HAMMER





HOW "JACK  
THE WEAKLING"

SLAUGHTERED THE  
"DANCE-FLOOR HOG"!



SAY! YOU ALMOST  
KNOCKED US OVER!



LISTEN! I DANCE THE WAY I PLEASE!  
IF YOU WEREN'T A WEAKLING I'D  
PUSH YOUR FACE IN.



NEVER MIND SEEING ME HOME  
FROM THE PARTY, JACK. YOU  
COULDN'T PROTECT ANYBODY!



HANG IT! I'M SICK OF BEING A WEAK-  
LING! I'LL SEND FOR CHARLES ATLAS'  
FREE BOOK AND FIND HOW TO BE-  
COME A HE-MAN!



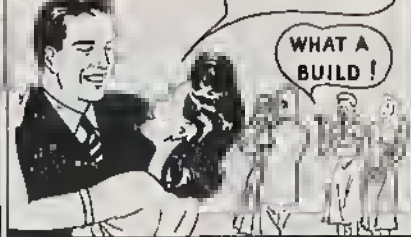
BOY! IT DIDN'T TAKE ATLAS LONG TO  
BUILD ME UP! NOW IF I SEE THAT BULLY AT  
THE PARTY TONIGHT, HE WON'T SHOVE ME  
AROUND!



YOU JUST BUMPED US AGAIN!  
THIS WILL TEACH YOU MANNERS!



HIT  
OF THE  
PARTY



OH, JACK,  
YOU'RE  
WONDERFUL!

WHAT A  
BUILD!

## I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too —in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

HAVE YOU ever felt like Jack—absolutely fed up with having bigger, huskier fellows "push you around"? If you have, then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, parked with red-blooded vitality!

"Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a scrawny, 97-pound weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

### "Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

### You Get Results FAST

Almost before you realize it, you will

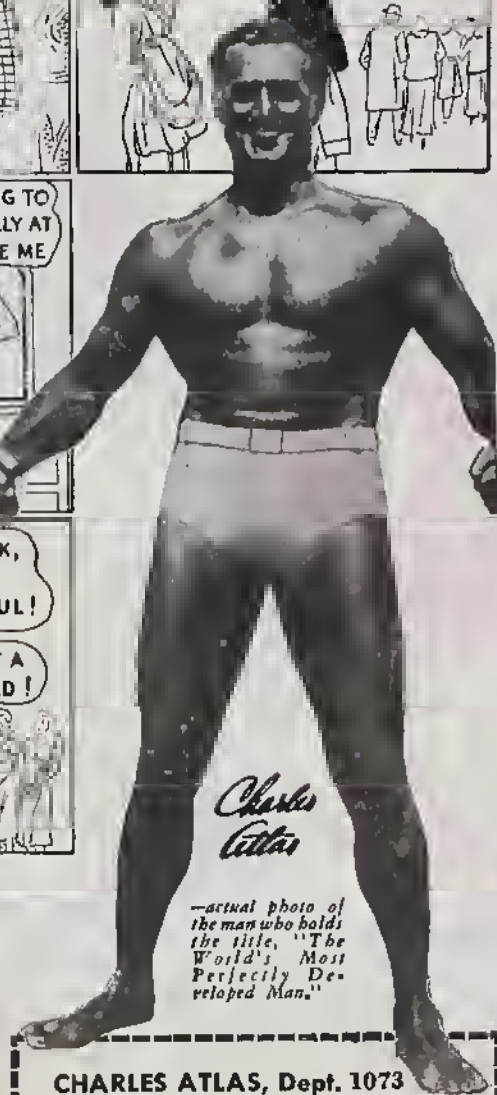
notice a general "toughing up" of your entire system! You will have more pep, brighter eyes, clear head, real spring and zip in your step! You get sledge-hammer hits, a bartering ram punch—chest and back muscles so big they almost split your rear seams—ridges of solid stomach muscle—mighty legs that never get tired. You're a New Man!

### FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally:

Charles Atlas, Dept. 1073  
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.



Charles  
Atlas

—actual photo of  
the man who holds  
the title, "The  
World's Most  
Perfectly De-  
veloped Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 1073  
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....  
(Please print or write plainly)

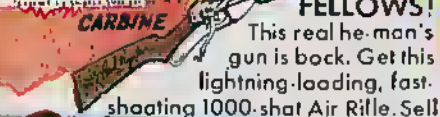
Address.....

City.....State.....

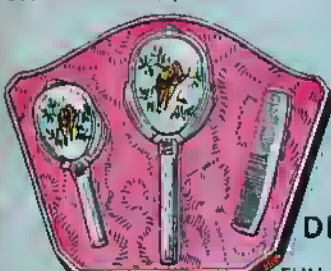
☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A

# Boys Girls CHOOSE YOUR PRIZE

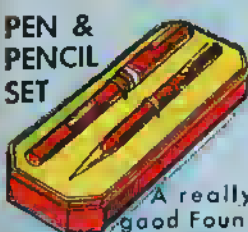
**DAISY'S  
RED  
RIFLER**



**FALCON CAMERA**  
with Carrying Case.  
16 pictures on each roll of film.  
Sell one order, plus \$1.00 extra.



**DRESSER SET**  
FULL SIZE Comb, Brush and Mirror—exquisitely designed, beautifully decorated. Sell one order, of American seeds



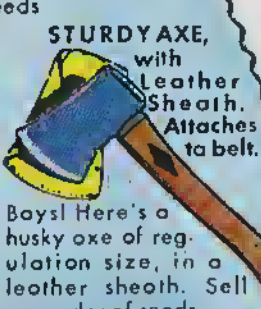
**PEN & PENCIL SET**  
A really good Fountain Pen and matching Automatic Pencil. Sell one order.

**HEY FELLOWS!**

This real he-man's gun is back. Get this lightning-loading, fast-shooting 1000-shot Air Rifle. Sell one order, plus \$1.50 extra. **SUPPLY LIMITED**



**SWEETHEART DOLL**  
"Peggy Sweetheart" is the doll you'd love to own. Pert and pretty in her sweetheart gown. Sell only one order at American seeds



**STURDY AXE**, with Leather Sheath. Attaches to belt.  
Boys! Here's a husky axe of regulation size, in a leather sheath. Sell one order of seeds

**COMPLETE CHEMISTRY SET**  
Famous "Chemcraft" Set, for interesting experiments— and Magic Book of 50 Mysterious Chemistry Exhibitions. Sell one order of American seeds



**WRIST WATCH**

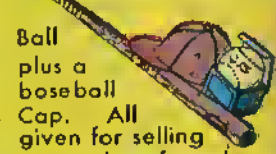
A beautiful Wrist Watch, suitable for Boys, Girls, Men or Women. Given for selling one order, at American seeds, plus \$1.50 extra.



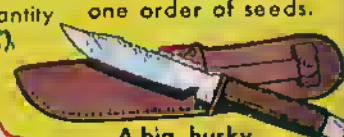
Full size, sweet-toned Ukulele decorated with Hawaiian scene. Instruction sheet FREE. Sell only one order. (Quantity limited).

**OFFICIAL SOFTBALL SET**

Boys! Here's a swell outfit for you. Regulation size Bat and



Ball plus a baseball Cap. All given for selling one order of seeds.



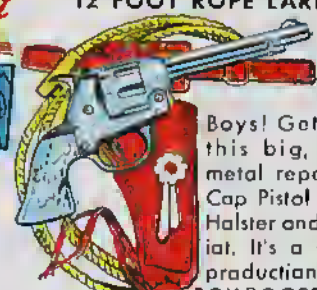
A big, husky **HUNTING KNIFE**, with Leather Sheath. Has serrated edge, bottle opener. Sell one order.

**Swivel Head Flashlight**



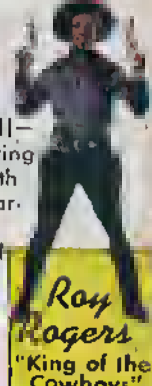
"Nothing else like it." Head turns at any angle. You can stand it up, or clip it on—leaving both hands free. Given, complete with two batteries, for selling one order, at seeds

**ROY ROGERS GUN WITH HOLSTER SET AND 12 FOOT ROPE LARIAT**



Boys! Get this big, all-metal repeating Cap Pistol with Halster and Lariat. It's a reproduction of **ROY ROGERS' OWN** Gun, with dicking hammer and twirling cylinder. Fires ratt caps. Sell one order at seeds, plus, \$1.50 extra.

Republic Picture Star.



**Roy Rogers**  
"King of the Cowboys"

## GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY

Most prizes shown above and dozens of others in our Big Prize Book are given **WITHOUT COST** for selling only one 40-pack order of American Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10c per large pack. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money, as stated.

Everybody wants American Seeds—they're fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly and get your prize at once, or, if you prefer, take one-third cash commission on all seeds sold. **GET BUSY**—send coupon today for Big prize book and seeds. **SEND NO MONEY — WE TRUST YOU**

No goods sent outside U. S. A.

American Seed Co., Inc. Dept. 434, Lancaster, Pa.

### MORE PRIZES FOR YOU

shown in our big prize-sheet,  
GENE AUTRY  
GUITAR  
BRACELETS  
BIBLE  
OVERNIGHT BAG  
POOL TABLE  
ALARM CLOCK  
POCKET WATCH  
ARCHERY SET

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